LOOKING FORWARD

BEGINNING with the October 1 ssue, we will present to our readers in erial form one of the most dramatic, in-elligent and valuable books which we ave ever seen in manuscript—*The Dry Decade* by Charles Merz.

ORIGINALLY from Sandusky, Ohio, nd now one of New York's best known ditorial writers, Mr. Merz is already a idely read author, as the thousands will estify who have enjoyed his magazine rticles and his two books, *The Great merican Band Wagon* and *And Then ame Ford.* In *The Dry Decade,* how-ver, he has produced a document which enceforth puts all Americans in his ebt. It is a story which ought to be on very intelligent citizen's library table.

PROHIBITION is today the most ontroversial question before the Ameri-an people. Yet, curiously enough, it is lso the one about which the most people ave the fewest facts. On all sides ere is a tendency to reason backward rom conclusions rather than forward n the basis of experience. Much that as happened has never been reported. uch that needs to be remembered is lready forgotten. In *The Dry Decade* r. Merz has not only brought together e early chapters of this adventure, the anner in which it was initiated, the ffort to make it blossom and the re-ults it has achieved; he has written a tory that comes as close to gospel truth bout this highly debatable subject as nything written by an ordinary mortal an.

WHILE it is as absorbing as a ovel, due to the dramatic personalities hich stride through its pages, it is in he most genuine sense a history. It is rawn impartially from all the known acts on the subject, carefully checked nd carefully presented. It is absolutely eliable. In our opinion, no man here-fter will be quite competent to discuss his subject unless he has read this book. t is a privilege to introduce it in the ages of The Outlook and Independent. Ve can assure our readers, wet and dry, hat they have a genuine treat coming.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

VOLUME 156 NUMBER 2

OUTLOOK
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Keystone

The Republican National Convention Hall in Kansas City

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

September 10, 1930

Faithful Fess

A Portrait of the Republican Chairman

By RAY T. TUCKER

As the political campaign comes on, the voice of Senator Fess will be increasingly heard in the land. Spokesman for a business administration, the Republican chairman himself is probably the best example of the purely political mind still extant. Thoroughly liked by his friends, and able to compose the many different factions of the G. O. P., he is more than a mere spokesman. He is the symbol of Hoover Republicanism, model 1930

SENATOR Simeon Davidson Fess of Ohio enjoys the unique honor of having simultaneously supported three different men for the Republican nomination for the Presidency and, what is more, of having done it—for himself—successfully. If he possessed no other qualification for the post of National Chairman, this alone would justify his selection just now by President Hoover. For in the coming campaign, he will be expected to advocate the election of regulars and irregulars, progressives and reactionaries, wets and drys, Hoover and Anti-Hoover candidates—in fact anybody, so long as they wear the label of the Grand Old Party. And despite the variety and versatility of the intellectual acrobats now performing under the expansive Republican tent, it is doubtful if there is any one who can so skillfully execute the smooth political somersault as Senator Fess.

To prove this, it is necessary only to go back as far as 1928. In 1928, the one true love of Mr. Fess was Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Fess held that day lost in which he did not interpret the "I do not choose to run" pronouncement quite differently from what it said. There were, it seems, cogent reasons why Mr. Fess wished Mr. Coolidge to continue in office. For one, the humble Ohio professor felt no awe in the presence of the littler Vermonter. As Pat Harrison said in the Senate, the two had so very much in common that they often played "political mumblety peg" for hours at a stretch, deriving as lusty a pleasure as other men do from the gaming table. Calvin and Simeon were "just plain folks" to Simeon and Calvin. Despite the Senator's abject worship of Republicans in high place, he could talk to the unostentatious Yankee without reddening or stuttering. Indeed, such cronies did they become that Mr. Fess, with Neighbor and Attorney General John Garibaldi Sargent, became Mr. Coolidge's favorite house guest and pancake philosopher. Many a wondrous night did the poor boy born in a log cabin on a scrubby Ohio farm lay his head on the downy and monogrammed pillows of White House bedrooms; and if his host were to reign forever, maybe Simeon would never wake up from this luxurious and dreamlike existence. Such, undoubtedly, were the Senator's thoughts as he echoed each statement of abdication with the unvarying comment of "Well, he didn't say he wouldn't take it, did he?"

When the third-term issue became embarrassing, however, Mr. Fess told the Senate that Mr. Hoover and Charles G. Dawes were his two probable choices for the nomination. Momentarily the harassed Senator seemed to have forgotten that his colleague and former pupil, the late Frank B. Willis, had already announced his candidacy in boisterous terms that questioned both the Americanism and Republicanism of Mr. Hoover. For this slip, Mr. Fess at once made up by agreeing to support Mr. Willis, albeit the latter's friends noted ironically that the pledge was given at a conference attended by Mr. Hoover's principal presidential promoters in Ohio. In the end Mr. Fess contested against Hoover as a Willis delegate in the Buckeye primary; was ingloriously defeated; embraced the Hoover cause openly when his colleague died on the stump; and then delivered a Coolidge-for-President keynote speech at the Kansas City convention.

"After five years and seven months of leadership in our nation," keynoted Mr. Fess, "he [Coolidge] leaves office by his own fiat, which appears to be final and is so interpreted by his many friends, in spite of the fact that his nomination and election were foregone conclusions, did he not forbid. This hold upon the confidence of the American people of every name, class and creed, without regard to partisan feeling, makes Calvin Coolidge the greatest personal and political force in the world today."

To the uninitiated, such chameleonlike championings of three different candidates might appear to indicate flightiness of mind or fickleness of loyalty on the part of the Republicans' newest Napoleon. Such an impression would be quite unfair. To Mr. Fess, such things are an expression of party loyalty. And it is because of this very capacity for loyalty—or loyalties!—that President Hoover, badgered and bothered by panics and politicians beyond even his

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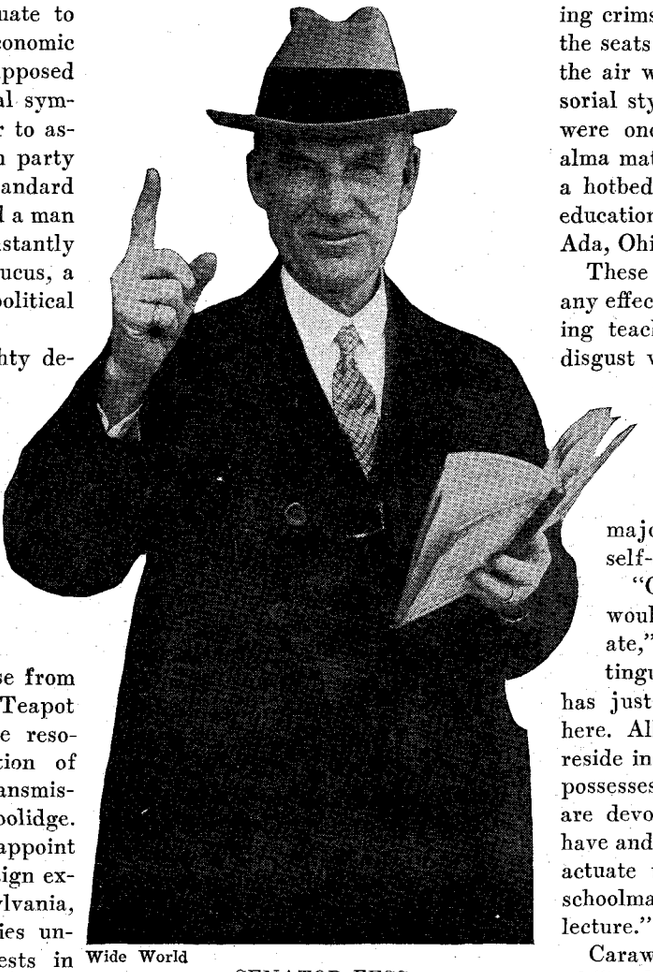
control, has selected Faithful Fess as his personal, political vassal. For consider: It had once sufficed for Fess that the trio whom he deemed worthy of the presidency were all called Republicans, or would be after the nomination had finally converted one of them. In one and the same breath and in all sincerity, he had advocated the nomination and election of a Willis, whose Republicanism dated back to the dark ages of William McKinley and Mark Hanna; of a Coolidge, whose laissez-faire policies were even then proving inadequate to marshal new political and economic forces; and of a Hoover, whose supposed liberal leanings and international sympathies had once led the Senator to assert bravely that the Republican party could never accept him as its standard bearer. Where else could be found a man for whom all doubts would be instantly resolved by the decision of a caucus, a convention or the certified political pooh-bahs?

Mr. Fess, in short, is a doughty defender of the faith. In politics as in religion he is, frankly and fetchingly, a fundamentalist. The record reveals only one instance—the vote on Harding's veto of the soldiers' bonus—in which he opposed his party or the Administration on a critical measure. In his seventeen-year Congressional career he has more than made up for this lapse from grace. He voted against the Teapot Dome investigation, against the resolution demanding the resignation of Secretary Denby and against transmission of this document to Mr. Coolidge. He denounced the proposal to appoint a committee to investigate campaign expenditures in Illinois and Pennsylvania, and despite the slush fund orgies uncovered in the senatorial contests in those commonwealths, he drew on his professional knowledge of history and the Constitution to justify the seating of William S. Vare and Frank Smith.

Naturally, all Progressive principles and the Progressives themselves torture such an orderly spirit. Long before Messrs. Reed of Pennsylvania and Moses of New Hampshire had assailed the westerners as "worse than communists" and "sons of the wild jackass," the Ohio Senator arraigned them as "pseudo-Republicans." All government, in his opinion, is, or should be, designed to bulwark the existing social, economic and political order. All strange or stirring measures to ameliorate the lot of the many are anathema. His remedy on the eve of the threatened coal strike in 1920 was to "conscript" the miners. Organized labor in his state declared that his election would be a "calamity," even though his 1922 rival, ex-Senator Atlee Pomerene, had deliberately gone out of his way to affront the unions.

His political philosophy, however, is of chief significance because it may reflect President Hoover's real views—he



Wide World

SENATOR FESS

was the Chief Executive's personal choice—for he is a singularly ineffective individual on Capitol Hill. His castigation of the Progressives caused them no concern, since most of them openly flaunt him as "futile and fussy." Hardly a day passes that he does not incur the criticism of Borah of Idaho, Walsh of Montana and Norris of Nebraska, as well as members of his own faction. And although he usually retires from these encounters in a state of inarticulate wrath, next day he bobs up for more punishment.

With all the vigor of his spare frame he leads a forlorn hope if convinced that he will spend his wretchedness in presidential company. Regular and reactionary, his preternatural pertinacity in battling for lost causes often exasperates more discreet and diplomatic associates on Capitol Hill. Even though there is nothing to say, and saying it will make the retreat more painful and pointed, Mr. Fess can be relied upon to rise in his seat with a stubborn swan song. With his bald pate bathed in sacrificial sweat and his sharp face growing crimson, he worms his way through the seats toward the Senate Well, beats the air with his index finger in professorial style and scolds senators as if he were once again an instructor at his alma mater, Ohio Northern University, a hotbed of Methodist evangelism and education, politics and prohibition, at Ada, Ohio.

These habitual harangues rarely have any effect. And Mr. Fess, like a despairing teacher, slides into his seat with disgust written as plain on his countenance as it is on those of his fellows. It was after one of these scenes that the sarcastic Caraway of Arkansas expressed the sentiment of the majority of the Senate toward their self-appointed monitor.

"One shudders to think what would have happened to the Senate," rasped Caraway, "if the distinguished Senator from Ohio who has just taken his seat had not come here. All intelligence and all decency reside in him. All sense of propriety he possesses, and both sides of the Senate are devoid of the dignity they should have and the sense of justice that should actuate them, and, therefore, like the schoolmaster, he delivers the Senate a lecture."

Caraway's reference to the qualities of "intelligence, decency, propriety and dignity" would have demolished a more sensitive spirit, inasmuch as Mr. Fess had just concluded an eloquent—for him—address urging rejection of the resolution for an investigation of Harry M. Daugherty's administration of the Department of Justice. Although this was on the eve of the scandals which were to drive the "Ohio gang" from the Capital in disgrace, Mr. Fess deprecated the demand for a housecleaning—even though he subsequently voted for it—and expressed his complete confidence in the "probity, honesty and integrity" of the Attorney General.

It was, perhaps, only natural that

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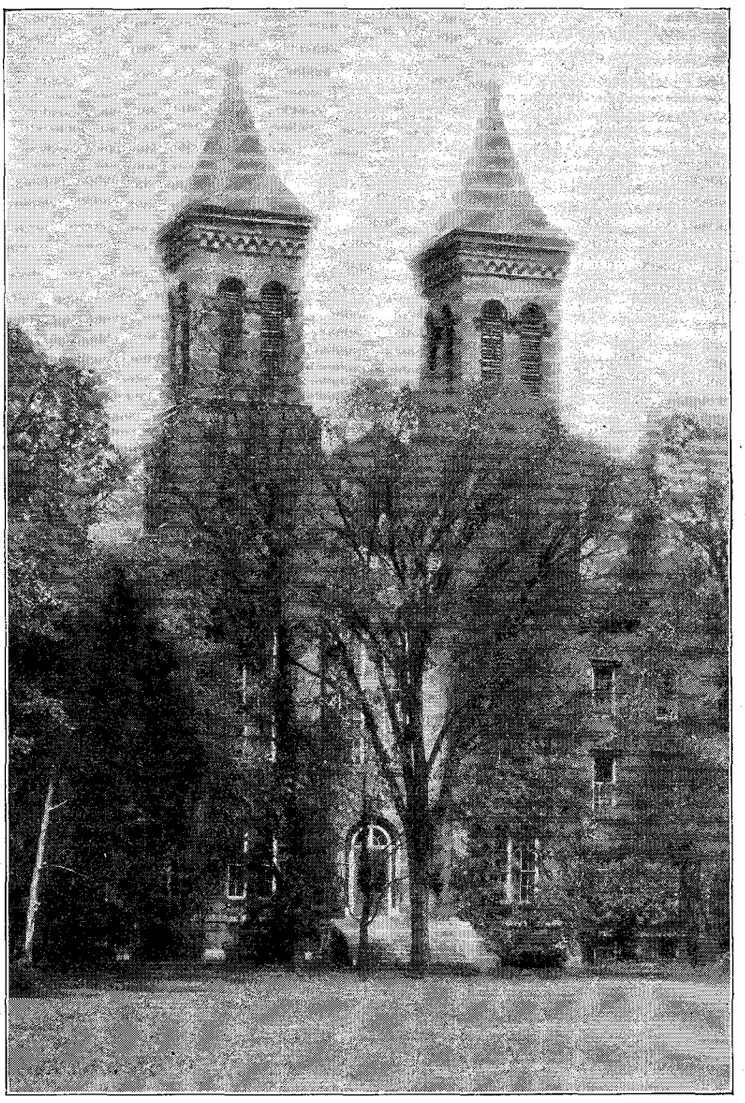
ıe should be slow to harbor suspicion, nasmuch as every tribal and political nstinct moved him to a fierce defense ıf the "Ohio gang." As one who had requently compared Harding's "moral eadership" to Lincoln's, he may be forgiven his reluctance to face disclosures ıf corruption in the Interior Department, the Department of Justice, the Veterans' Bureau, and the moral standards displayed by his predecessor, Will I. Hays, in concealing Harry F. Sinclair's oleagnous contributions to the G. O. P. war chest in 920. At first he poohoohed each day's batch ıf revelations, assailing he inquiries as "an orgy ıf slander, a spree of nuck-raking, a riot of ıituperation and incrimiıation," and he clung to ıs oft-repeated charge hat the Wilson Administration had established "a ecord of debauch never vitnessed before in the ıistory of the country." Only a few months were o elapse, however, before he Democrats, whose onduct of history's greatst war had brought no candals or imprisonnents, retorted with jibes ıt the members of the 'Ohio gang" who had wapped Republican vestnents for prison garb and ıtles for numbers.

Nevertheless, such unpleasant reminders neither silenced nor shamed the Republicans' professional eulogist, and t was this quality of imperviousness that commended him to party strategists as a keynoter without equal in 1928. It is true that Charles Evans Hughes was first approached, and that Mr. Hughes, endowed as he is with a sense of humor and judicial discretion, declined. It must have been clear to the Chief Justice, as it was to all neutral observers, that the party apologist would need to be a rare individual. He must, it was obvious, shove his head in the political sands, and, while so submerged, chant the glory of Republican rule in tones undaunted and unashamed. So they picked on Mr. Fess, and, with characteristic fervor, he obliged. It was with a crusader's crescendo that he reviewed the accomplishments of the Harding-Coolidge Administration, even though his failure to mention Theodore Roosevelt was commented upon adversely.

"By the greatest majority ever given in the history of elections," he falsettoed, "the Republican party under the leadership of Warren G. Harding was called to the task of restoration, and at once grappled with peace problems quite as difficult as those of the war. The manner in which the problems have been handled, first so well begun by the Administration of our beloved and late lamented Warren G. Harding, and then by that of Coolidge, is too well known for further comment. All our people have some knowledge of the number of them and most of them have some idea of the complications of these problems. Very few will deny the complete success in the effort of solution."



ANTIOCH HALL

The main building at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, of which Senator Fess was president for some years

Such loyalty as Mr. Fess exhibits in his persistent portrayal of Harding as one of our greatest Chief Executives is to be admired, even though some may disagree. It is regrettable, therefore, that Mr. Coolidge did not see fit to hang his predecessor's portrait in the Executive Offices, and that Mr. Hoover waited eighteen months before finding an inconspicuous place for it. If Mr. Fess was wounded by this neglect, it did not deter him from singing Mr. Coolidge's praises or telling a lie in order to exonerate the latter of the charge that he was deliberately arranging the stage for his own renomination. The setting for this pious sin, which casts a bright, though baleful, light on Mr. Fess' mental makeup, was the presidential office at the close of a conference between Mr. Coolidge and his humble worshipper.

"Upon leaving the President's office," Mr. Fess told the Senate in expiating and explaining his deliberate deception, "I said to the President: 'I hope that my frequent references to your being called in 1928 are not embarrassing to you.' Then he frankly let me know that they were embarrassing him. While I insisted that there was no ground for it, that the people did not believe I was talking with his approval, but upon my own responsibility, he said: 'The difficulty is, people will think you are talking with my approval,' and I found that the President felt somewhat embarrassed, and I said to him: 'If you really think that, I will clear it up immediately.'

"Senators know what happened then. When I got out to the newspaper boys, I said to the boys: 'Make it perfectly clear that I am talking on my own responsibility—I am not talking with his

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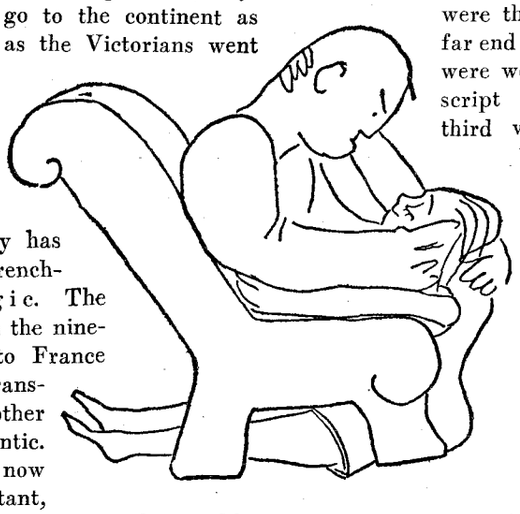
▶▶ An Englishman Looks at American Women ◀◀

By ALEC WAUGH

"THE women of France," my grandfather used to say, "are more fascinating than those of any other race. But I should be afraid to marry one."

In the same words thirty years from now I shall, in all human probability, be speaking from the depths of a club armchair to any of the younger generation that may care to listen. But not, I think, of France. The boulevards have come too close. The cafés have grown tawdry. We Georgians go to the continent as light-heartedly as the Victorians went to Brighton. Familiarity has robbed Paris of its mystery. And with the loss of that mystery has gone the Frenchwoman's magic. The glamour that in the nineties belonged to France has been transferred to the other side of the Atlantic. It is America now that is distant, strange, mysterious. It is phrases like Broadway and the "Great White Way" that today thrill an English imagination.



To the Victorians, America was as remote as Papua, but in these days of radio and Western Union she is as close to us as France was to our grandparents. We no longer picture a journey to New York in terms of high adventure. She is strange to us, but she is familiar as well. There is the bond of cousinship. She is at the same time known and unknown. The two characteristics, by which the English whose temperament mingles conservatism with a wanderlust, are of all people in the world most held. Particularly in love. Leading their island life, English men and women have grown, during centuries of interbreeding, demagnetized for one another, so that we meet now as brother and sister might. And love needs strangeness. Most traveled Englishmen would admit, I think, that they find the women of no other race as fascinating as the American. At the same time the Englishman is afraid of marrying one.

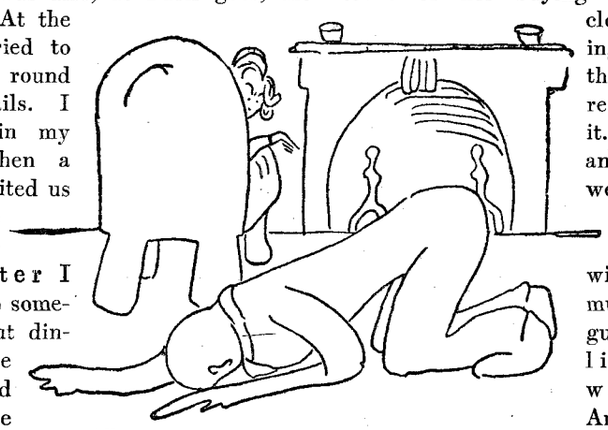
HE STARTS, of course, with a misconception. He begins by meeting a woman who is anything but a typical American, and since it is hard to escape from first impressions, his later views are colored by it. His first impression is of the American woman traveling in Europe.

I was in the early twenties when I met my first. It was in Paris, on my first visit and my first evening there. I was feeling lonely and a little lost. I had drifted into the bar of my hotel. There were three people at the far end of it. Two of them were well-dressed nondescript young men; the third was a woman of about thirty-two, nice, friendly, affluent-looking. She smiled at me as I came into the room. "Say," she called out, "are you all alone here, too?"

I was, I told her.

"Then you come straight over here," she said. "You'll get into mischief in this city unless somebody looks after you."

She proceeded to look after me. By the time the evening ended with the dawn breaking over the Place Pigalle our party had increased to ten. It was one of the pleasantest evenings I have ever spent. It was also, as Paris goes, the cheapest. At the start I tried to pay for a round of cocktails. I fumbled in my pocket when a taxi deposited us outside the Tour d'Argent. Later I tried to do something about dinner. By the time we had got to the Folies Bérgère I had ceased bothering. The American insisted on being hostess. "Don't you worry," she said, "my poppa'll see us through." At first I thought she was referring to her father. Later in the evening I discovered that poppa was the American for husband. I have rarely enjoyed myself so much. But as we drove round from club to club I could not help wondering where, exactly, the husband whose industry in Philadelphia supported this excursion came in.



Illustrations from "Is Sex Necessary?" by James Thurber and E. B. White by courtesy of the publishers, Harper & Brothers

It is a question that I still find myself asking. Where does the American husband come in?

By the average Englishman the situation is completely misunderstood. The newspapers help him to misunderstand it in the same way that they help him to misunderstand every other aspect of the American scene. From the amount of space devoted to them in the English press one would imagine that America consisted of Hollywood Bathing Beauties, Chicago Gangsters, New York Speakeasies and lavish entertainments on Long Island and Palm Beach. In the English comic papers the American husband is represented as the slave of his wife's extravagance. He is pictured at a desk, a cigar in the corner of his mouth, the tape machine tapping at his side, a secretary taking down dictation while with what is left of his attention he listens to his wife saying over the telephone: "Honey, you needn't bother to get back for dinner. I'm dining out." In the serious papers the English clubman reads of the power that the American woman exercises through her clubs. He is told amusing anecdotes of her matrimonial authority. He has seen cartoons of her buying her husband's clothes, and seeing cartoons of those clothes, has readily believed it. He learns that an American man would consider it unchivalrous to divorce his wife: that he must accept the guilt however it lies. He has watched the American woman traipsing round Europe, issuing sight-drafts on Indianapolis, and according to his temperament he has decided either that the American woman has managed to put across the biggest transatlantic bluff

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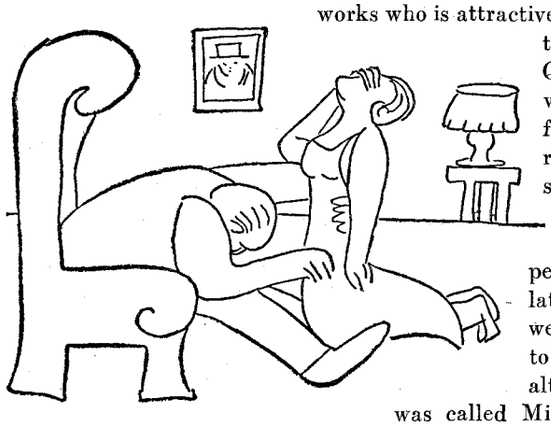
that has ever been staged or that the American man, being too busy developing a new world to bother about his wife as a comrade and associate, has found it simpler and more convenient to make a goddess out of her. Either conclusion would be incorrect.

It is incorrect because either conclusion would present the American woman as a parasite, which is exactly what she is not. The American woman exercises a power that astonishes the European. She is able, as the European wife is not, to ignore her husband, but that is not because she has been able to make a slave of him, but because she is herself sufficiently independent to be able to regard him as unnecessary.



I had an inkling of this the first time I walked into a New York office. Ever since the War I had been accustomed to the sight of women in London offices, but nothing that I had seen in England had prepared me for the smartness and efficiency of the girls who were working in that office. They were alert, well-dressed, well-spoken. They gave the impression of having had each of them a college education—as, likely as not, they had—they seemed to know what their job was and to take an intelligent interest in it. In an English office you are not given that impression. The English girl is only rarely interested in her work. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred work for her is a marking time or an excuse for a liberty of action that otherwise she could not obtain. She regards whatever job she holds as a method of making pass agreeably the years before her marriage. She has no intention of working after she has married. That is not, as far as I see it, the American girl's attitude. She sets out to arrange her life as a man sets out to arrange his life, so that she can stand four square upon her feet; so that she can take marriage in the same way that a man takes it, in her stride.

Which is not to say that she is on that account an any the less good wife than a European. Marriage is ordinarily a sideshow in the life of an ambitious person. But there is no real reason why marriage should be an any the less efficient sideshow, because it is a sideshow, for a woman than for a man. I remember meeting in London two years ago the representative of a New York Literary Agency. She was in the middle twenties, extremely pretty, extremely charming. At first none of us in England could believe that she was an efficient worker. For in England the view still persists, in spite of quite a number of examples to the contrary, that no girl works who is attractive enough not to need to. Quite soon we were forced to realize that she was an extremely capable person. But later, when we were surprised to learn that although she was called Miss L—, she was actually the wife of a New York bond salesman, we made the remark that so many Englishmen have made about American wives: "I wonder where he comes in?" One day when we were discussing, she and I, the differences between English and American home life, I remarked rather thoughtlessly that I did not see how a woman could run a business and a home simultaneously without one or the other suffering. She looked at me curiously when I said it, but she made no answer.

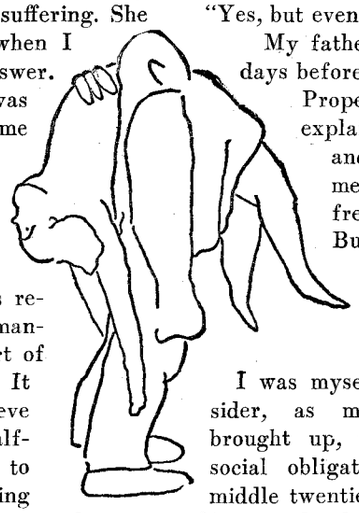
A year later, when I was in New York, she invited me to dinner. It was one of the pleasantest, best stage-managed dinner parties that I have ever been to. One would have imagined that the woman who was responsible for that stage-management had made the art of entertainment her career. It was impossible to believe that she had been from half-past nine that morning to half-past five that evening interviewing clients, dictating letters, answering telephones, bargaining with editors and publishers. There was an amused twinkle in her eye when I shook hands with her at the evening's end. "Well," she said, "and which do you think has been sacrificed, my home life or my work?"

The American woman has learned the art of combining in one career what was supposed fifty years ago to be the separate functions of a man and a woman. It is this that makes her independent. And independence in a woman is a thing that the Englishman finds hard to recognize.

Sixty years ago, a married woman in England was not entitled to own property. In the minds of most Englishmen the feeling persists that whatever a woman owns, she owns not in her own right but through the benevolence of some man. All money relations between man and woman in England are based upon that assumption. No man would borrow money from a woman. No man who lends money to a woman expects to see it back. It is only recently that men have let themselves be invited to meals by women. I remember that at one time it used to be a standing joke between Berta Ruck and myself that whichever of us invited the other to lunch or dinner was always discovered at the end of the meal without enough money to meet the bill. Invariably the host had to borrow from the guest. I remember one evening discovering just before I went out with her that I had only a pound note on me. "Oh, well," I remarked, "Berta'll have to lend me some again." My father was deeply shocked. "You don't mean to say," he expostulated, "that you'd borrow money from a woman?"

"She'll get a cheque for it," I said, "tomorrow."

"Yes, but even so . . . ." he said.



My father could remember the days before the Married Woman's Property Act was passed. I explained to him that Berta and I were fellow tradesmen, belonging to the freemasonry of writing. But he shook his head. "Borrowing money from a woman," he said, "that's bad. That's very bad."

I was myself brought up to consider, as most Englishmen are brought up, that marriage was a social obligation, that during the middle twenties I should amuse myself as prudently as I could; that then the time would come when I should want to establish myself, to settle down, to accept the responsibilities of a wife and a family. One would accept them as one accepted a career, "for keeps." I had not been in the world many years before I had begun to feel that there ought to be something more

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The Cradle of Prohibition

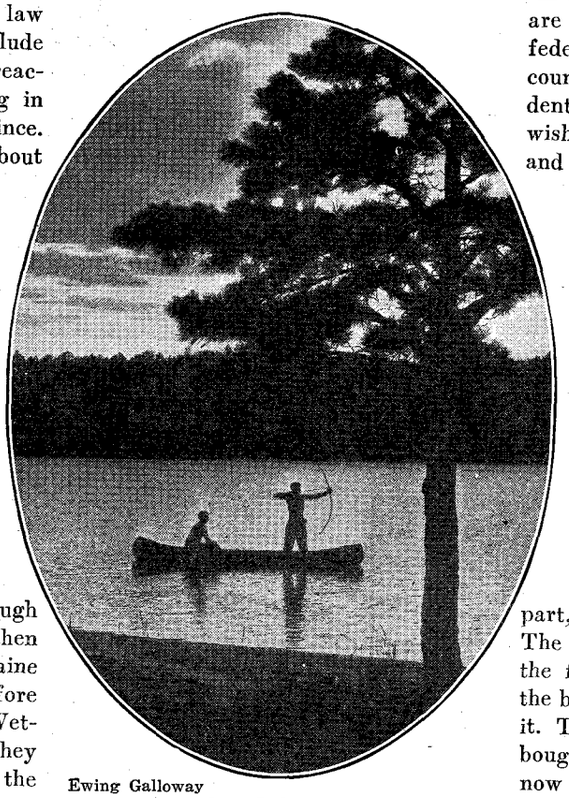
By ARTHUR C. BARTLETT

EMBLAZONED on the seal of the State of Maine is the motto: *Dirigo—I lead.* It is no idle boast. Maine may lag behind some of the other sovereign states in population, in industry, in prosperity; but she can look above and beyond these things and smile indulgently at the words President Hoover has chosen to describe the Eighteenth Amendment. Prohibition may be a "noble experiment" to the rest of the country, but that is only because the rest of the country hasn't bothered to look up the results in Maine's note-book.

As far as prohibition is concerned, Maine lived up to its boast and led the way. It passed its first prohibition law in 1846, and with one brief interlude (brought on, it may be noted, as a reaction to the first prohibition killing in history) has had prohibition ever since. Maine is bored by all this talk about prohibition, both pro and con. The people have heard it all before—long, long before. Indeed, Maine has not only heard all the arguments, but it has seen all the multitudinous sidelights that its sister states are now seeing for the first time. There is nothing new in prohibition for Maine.

Bootleggers? Three quarters of a century ago, Maine had the kind who carried their stock in their long-legged boots, just as today she has the kind who tote it in automobiles. Speakeasies? They are as old as prohibition itself, though Maine always called them "kitchen bar-rooms." Rum-runners? The Maine variety knew all the tricks before Chicago ever heard of a gangster. Wet-drinking, dry-voting politicians? They passed the Maine prohibition law in the first place, and have been keeping it on the books ever since.

A little while ago I had a set of books shipped to me from a Maine bookstore. They were bound copies of the Union Alliance News, a British temperance society periodical published in the 1870's and '80's. I was chiefly interested in them because of numerous communications from Neal Dow, whom any Maine school child will name to you as the father of prohibition. When Dow wrote those letters, Maine prohibition was still comparatively young and the arguments as to how well it was working were still hot. Wets thundered about bootleggers and speakeasies. Dow replied in phrases that sound strangely familiar today. Of course the law was broken, he said, just as all laws are broken. But within a few years a new generation would have grown up, and the young people would be so unfamiliar with liquor that there would be no more drinking in the state. The books came to me packed in a carton which the bookseller evidently had obtained from the nearest grocery. The carton had brought into Maine a case of non-alcoholic vermouth, and bore boldly the legend: "The Ideal for Cocktails."



Ewing Galloway

Sebago Lake, Maine

There is nothing you can tell the people of Maine about prohibition. They know the whole story. Most of them are tired of it. They accept the situation as it is, and prefer not to be bothered about it any more. Nobody, of course, is satisfied, but they have been dissatisfied so long that they are hardened to it, and prefer to accept things passively rather than to get excited to no purpose. The wets have their liquor—such as it is. The drys have their law, such as it is.

A reader of the Portland *Press Herald* expressed the general feeling in a letter to that newspaper when the publication of Senator Arthur R. Gould's famous endorsement of a certain brand of home-ripening wine and his subsequent attack on prohibition brought on a slight flurry of argument in the columns of the press. "Since Senator Gould and every other senator and representative and all the people can get and are getting all the light wine and beer they want," wrote the puzzled commentator, "why should the Volstead Act be modified so as to legalize the sale of light wine and beer?"

YET Maine has not actually arrived at nullification. The laws of the state are even more strict than those of the federal government. The sheriffs of most counties are as energetic as even President Hoover and Mr. Wickersham could wish. The state is just as dry as law and law enforcement officers can make it. Yet everybody who wants to, drinks.

The situation is this: Three quarters of a century ago, Neal Dow so thoroughly pounded it into the consciousness of the state that all wets were disreputable scoundrels, that it is still something less than respectable to admit the failure of the law. The W. C. T. U. and the Christian Civic League keep this spirit alive. For years, the wets fought on, always losing. Now they have no more heart for it. They prefer, for the most part, to be silent and respectable. The state as a whole takes comfort in the fact that it is keeping the law on the books and doing all it can to enforce it. The mere fact that liquor is sold, bought and drunk, that scandals pop up now and again, seems somehow irrelevant.

Other states may get excited about the Jamaica ginger menace. Maine went through all that years and years ago. When I was a boy, working in a drug store in a small Maine town, I was called upon to refuse to sell Jamaica ginger to the town drunkard three or four times a week. Even so, there was a good sale of it to others whose reputations were better. It was against the law to sell it with knowledge that it was to be used for beverage purposes. And one couldn't help knowing what old Eli wanted it for.

In 1925, Sheriff King F. Graham of Cumberland county started a crusade

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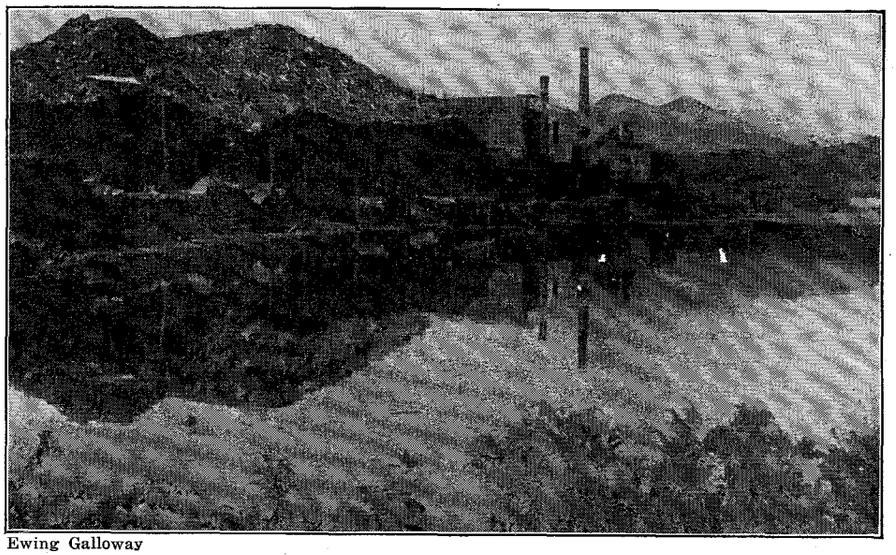
against "canned heat." He testified at a hearing that his men had found as many as 3000 empty cans in one yard on the Portland waterfront. The last session of the legislature accordingly saw another law put on the statute books.

What of the results?

You can get any answer you like. According to Governor William Tudor Gardiner prohibition has lessened drinking in Maine. He based this opinion on the fact that he had just been on a camping party with some young people, none of whom took any liquor with them. It so happened that the day before he told me this the Maine legislature had come together for a special session. As I waited to see the Governor, I was regaled by stories of the big party the night before. Some of the legislators seemed to have forgotten some of the details, but the more sober ones filled in the blanks. "Damnedest party I've ever been on in all the years I've been coming here," was the verdict of one veteran.



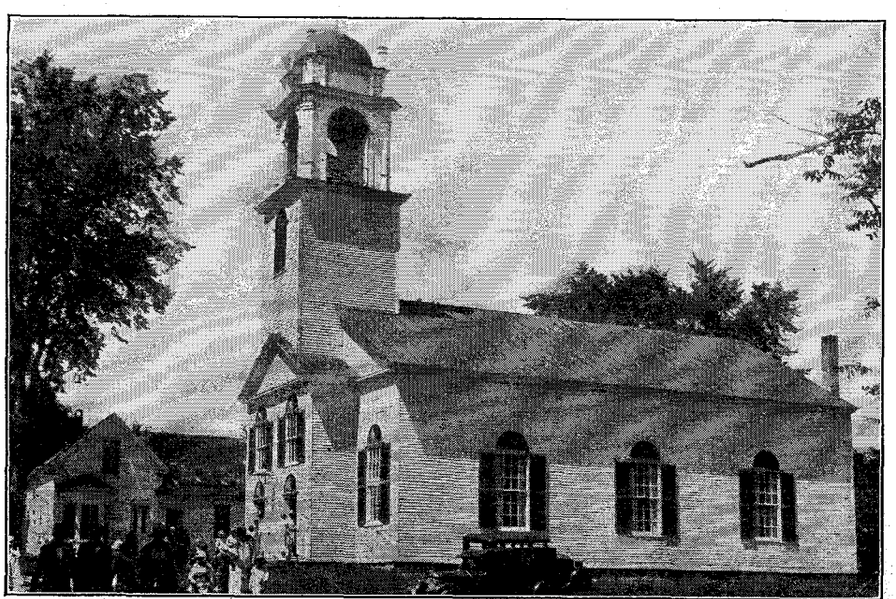
Ewing Galloway

Paper mills, Rumford

As a matter of fact, the most ardent prohibitionist would not tell you that prohibition has made Maine dry. He probably would tell you that it has, at least, closed up the saloons and, in saying so, he would be nearly, if not entirely correct. There are rumors of a few saloons—call them speakeasies, kitchen bar-rooms or what you will—in some of the more populous cities, but they are admittedly third-rate places, not likely to attract much trade—or much attention from the sheriff.

Yet though it took well over half a century to accomplish this, it doesn't seem to mean very much. Demon Rum has by no means received his knock-out blow. Not, that is, if you use the word rum loosely, to include any alcoholic beverage. To be sure, the hardy rum drinkers of Neal Dow's day would never recognize the stuff the Maine bootleggers sell today, although it certainly is alcoholic. In fact, it is alcohol—more or less pure.

The peculiar virtue of straight alcohol is being learned from the great experiment all over the country. Being concentrated, it is easier to smuggle, hence less expensive and more readily obtainable. Maine drinkers learned that lesson long ago, and have become so accustomed to drinking alcohol, instead of more effete beverages, that most Maine bootleggers carry nothing else in stock. So small is the demand for such luxuries as Scotch and rye that the few bootleggers who handle it feel warranted in charging nearly double the prices current in New York. Naturally, only the wealthy can afford to buy it at that rate, and most of them don't. Most bootleggers grade their customers according to whether they buy their alcohol in half pints, quarts or gallons.



Ewing Galloway

Church built in 1798, Waterford

The more delicate drinkers, of course, convert their alcohol into gin, and convert the gin into highballs or cocktails, like any other race of people. But such drinkers are in the minority. The two-fisted drinkers of Maine have long since abandoned such decadent tactics. They go on the theory that they are drinking with a single purpose in view, and that the purpose is more quickly accomplished with a minimum of dilution. If you are finicky, the Maine host will give you ginger ale to mix with your alcohol, but if you want to be listed as a regular, you will take a "Maine highball." This consists of one part alcohol and one part lukewarm water. It is advisable to take it in one gulp if possible.

Probably the chief reason alcohol has become a beverage in its own right is that it is easier to dilute it with a little water from the tap than to go through an elaborate mixing ceremony. Such habits of inertia have a way of gaining ground over long periods of time, and Maine has had a long time to give them headway. Furthermore, several of the new generations of which Neal Dow wrote so hopefully have grown up, unfamiliar—as he predicted—with liquor, with the exception—which he did not predict—of "alky." Being brought up

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on it, they have learned to like it.

One of the highest officials of the state, a professing dry, told me with considerable amusement of an incident illustrative of what has happened to Maine's taste in the matter of drinks. A rum vessel had been seized off the coast, and in order to protect the contraband cargo, a company of the national guard was called out. A short time later, the official—then a candidate—paid a visit to an old friend who happened to be a sergeant in a national guard company.

"I'll give you a drink," said the sergeant, taking down a bottle from a well-stocked cupboard—a cupboard which, he admitted, had been stocked from the cargo he had been helping to guard.

The candidate looked at the bottle with an appreciative eye. Having learned about liquor in another state, he knew good stuff when he saw it. This bottle contained old French cherry brandy. He smacked his lips, and started to reach, as the sergeant poured three fingers in a water glass.

"Wait," ordered the sergeant.

Reluctantly and wonderingly, the candidate withdrew his hand.

"This is going to be a real drink," the sergeant explained. Whereupon, he produced a bottle of the inevitable "alky," poured another three fingers of that on top of the brandy, filled the glass with water from the tap, and handed the concoction to his amazed and inwardly sorrowing friend. "There," he said, with the satisfaction of an artist, "is a drink."

JUST how much alcohol drinking goes on within the state, nobody, of course, can say. One can only judge by the fact that bootleggers seem to thrive throughout the state, and that liquor is always obtainable—if you can call it liquor. Where there are bootleggers, there must be purchasers. Indeed, there are. Only recently, the Cumberland County officers seized the books of a bootleg ring, and found the names of many prominent Portland business men on the lists of customers.

Alcohol, however, is not the only drink consumed in Maine. Home-brewed beer is perhaps equally popular in its own field, which is, of course, the home. Every city of any consequence has its well-patronized malt and hop shop (Portland has three on a single short street) and nearly all the chain stores and many of the independent groceries do a brisk business in malt syrup. A year ago, a policeman in one Cumberland County community made the statement in open court that every other house in the village was a home brewery.

To some extent, this home-brewed beer is an article of commerce, being dealt in mostly by petty bootleggers who lack the capital to go into the alcohol business, though the amount sold is not a drop in the bucket compared to the amount made strictly for home consumption. The same situation holds true for home-made wines and cider, which are more popular in the outlying districts than homebrew or even alcohol.

In recent months, a new industry seems to have sprung up among the bootleggers: the manufacture and sale of an alleged corn whiskey. Thus in January, the Cumberland County sheriffs seized nine gallons of stuff they put down on the inventory as whiskey, while seizing twenty-one and a half gallons of alcohol, fifty-five gallons of beer and sixty gallons of wine. This whiskey, it should be noted however, is just as unpalatable as "alky."

Many people outside the state have the idea that because it is adjacent to Canada, it should be comparatively easy to obtain good Canadian liquor in Maine. While it is true that a few sea-coast cities occasionally profit by the misdemeanors of a steward or seaman, and a railroad porter may now and then succumb to the lure of easy money, most of the Canadian liquor smuggled across the Maine line is carried right through to more profitable fields farther south. As for the border towns themselves, few of them support bootleggers in the style to which they can become accustomed in other communities. The little town of Woodland, for instance, prides itself on being the "dryest town in Maine." Its officials boast that they have not a bootlegger in town and that liquor cannot be bought there. The reason for this is obvious. It is just a few minutes' walk into Canada, where liquor is at once cheaper and more reliable.

THE proximity of Canada, as a matter of fact, is generally regarded as a liability rather than a blessing to Maine. The state, as everyone knows, has gone in largely for the tourist business in recent years, and millions of dollars have been invested in summer properties running the gamut from dingy little roadside stands to magnificent hotels and resorts. More and more, however, landlords complain, the tourists are taking to hustling through the state as fast as motor cars will take them, en route for Canada. Even before last year's stock market collapse, this tendency was growing and Maine's investors were suffering. This year, with depression prevalent, many hotels are closed, and thousands of summer cottages and camps remained empty throughout the season.

Indeed, the very fact that Maine has had to fall back on the summer resort business, in lieu of more satisfactory, year-around industries, is blamed on prohibition in some quarters. Even the editor of one of Maine's ultra-dry newspapers told me with deep conviction that prohibition had been the chief factor in reducing Maine to the status of a second-rate province.

"Maine was a thriving, promising state when it adopted prohibition," he said, "but the prohibition spirit has ruined it. We have become more and more hidebound and narrow. We have discouraged every forward, progressive movement. We have let the prohibitionists beat us down until we have no courage left."

One old-time newspaper reporter told me that all the papers of Maine are dry, and all the editors wet. I suspect that the statement may be exaggerated, but I know it applies to several cases of which I have first-hand knowledge. Yet if they became wet, they would start an argument, and Maine is tired of prohibition arguments.

POLITICIANS follow the same line of action. Two years ago, for instance, Governor Gardiner was elected by the largest plurality in the history of Maine gubernatorial campaigns. Throughout most of the campaign, he had sedulously avoided prohibition. Then, in one speech, he came out briefly with a statement in which he expressed his "entire sympathy" with the prohibition plank in the Republican state platform. That satisfied the drys, and thereafter the Governor resumed his silence on the distasteful subject. Today most people have forgotten whether he ever came out for prohibition or not.

I recall standing with Senator Frederick Hale at a political meeting during that same campaign. Congressman Carroll L. Beedy of Portland was speaking, and suddenly, without warning launched into an ardent prohibition speech. Senator Hale fidgeted and looked annoyed. "He shouldn't do that," he muttered.

Still, the Senator needn't have wor-

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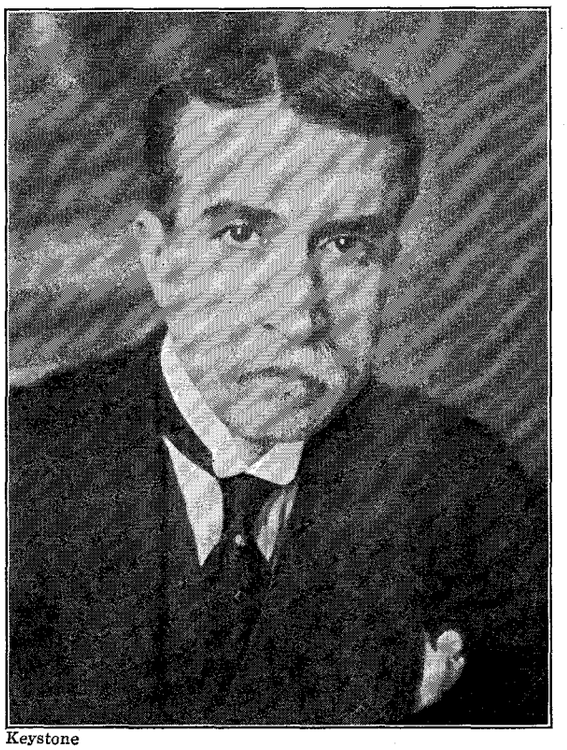
Students and Soldiers In Peru

By WALLACE THOMPSON

WHAT politicians and aristocrats in Peru have been unable to achieve in twenty years of intrigue and occasional armed outbursts as accomplished by the open hostility nd propaganda of the students and the ommands of a handful of army officers n the early hours of Monday, August 5. Augusto B. Leguia, for fifteen years eleven of them consecutive—president nd dictator of his country and the uilder of modern Peru, stood at midight on Sunday in the great hall of the agnificent concrete replica of a Spanh palace recently built for him by the oundation Company of New ork. He was swearing in a new abinet, his answer to an uprising n Arequipa, in southern Peru, here on Friday a lieutenant-colonel of engineers, Luis M. Sanchez oro, had led an open revolt. The ommander of his own presidential uard stopped the president, took im to his private office and stood rimly by while the leaders of another junta informed the president hat the army had deserted him nd that the end of his historic égime had come. By dawn President Leguia was aboard a Peruian warship, bound for Panama. efore evening this simple soluion was vetoed, the warship was n route back, and the president nd his unpopular son were destined to a trial and perhaps bararic punishment.

That recall was at the demand f the students of the University of an Marcos, the oldest institution f learning in the western world; hen they heard of the *coup d'état* tudent leaders hastened before he junta, and laid down their demands for revenge; the junta bowed to heir wishes, and President Leguia urned back. Their demand was supported by the call, too, of Colonel Sanchez oro, who later proved his strength and mportance by flying from Arequipa to ima, on Wednesday, and taking the situation, personally, out of the hands of the local leaders.

But the students of the University turned the trick in the beginning and by their action have perhaps changed what began and might have ended as a bloodless revolution into the makings of a civil war that may become continental. Their bitterness and their power are unquestionable, however little has yet filtered through the cables. The University of San Marcos was closed, a few weeks ago, by presidential decree, because the students had egged and ducked in the fountain the former private secretary of President Leguia, who had been named by him to an important professorship. The feud has been long and bitter, and President Leguia has gone so far as to lay out and begin the erection of a university city well beyond the outskirts of Lima, close enough to be watched, but far enough away to have the students out of sight and sound; the agricultural school already had its fine new buildings there, and San Marcos was to follow.



Keystone

AUGUSTO B. LEGUIA

It is difficult for the Anglo-Saxon to grasp the possibility that a student body can be taken seriously enough to determine, by its boyish prejudices, the fate of a great man and perhaps the fate of the nation. Yet because the universities of Latin America are national and therefore political institutions, and because there are no students excepting the sons of rich and prominent men, and because most of the boys are studying (or using political influence) to get degrees of doctor at the law (usually given at the end of a course that leads only to a bachelor's degree here), and chief of all because these boys are, and know that they are, to be the political leaders of the future—because of all this, the students' movements in Latin America take on an importance far out of proportion to what they could conceivably take on here, or even in modern Europe.

The other day at Williamstown, a young Argentine who was a member of a round table at the Institute of Politics, was asked to speak at an open conference. He announced urbanely the many things, including Argentine's withdrawal from the Pan American Union, that would come to pass, "when we young fellows get into power." And no one who knows Argentina is prepared to say that when the power is taken over from President Irigoyen who, at close to eighty years of age, still has four years to serve, it will not be the young men, and the students' leaders, who will do it; the news of fear and preparations for revolt which came out of Buenos Aires three days after President Leguia fell in Peru would seem to indicate serious developments there.

It is not intended to suggest here that the parental knee and the parental palm, applied in concert to the Latin American student community, are going to correct Latin American political uncertainty, but the student movement is a trend that cannot be ignored. Moreover, the student community of Latin America is not merely touched with its own brand of liberalism, but is rather generally anti-America and highly nationalistic.

The drama in Peru is only beginning, none the less. The country is heavily in debt, and her chief exports, copper, silver, cotton and sugar, are hard hit by low prices. Whoever "welcomes" the opportunity to solve those problems must indeed have the faith and buoyancy of youth, but he will need hardy experience and economic wisdom, too. Besides the economic situations, the issue of Tacna and Arica, the Chilean problem, is being dragged to the fore by the revolution. President Leguia accepted, about two years ago, a division of the territory, against his judgment as

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The Trend of Events

Hope of Peace

PROHIBITION can be argued with ferocity. The tariff can keep conversation alive at the dinner table. But world peace, the most vital of all questions that trouble the souls of men, causes hardly a ripple of interest.

The psychologists can, perhaps, explain why this is so. Perhaps, it is because peace is negative. War is positive. It means doing something, taking action, getting underway. Peace has meant merely abstention from war. So it has been the dream of a few men. It was Andrew Carnegie's dream, and the Peace Palace rose into concrete expression. It was Woodrow Wilson's dream, and the League of Nations came into being. It was the dream of the men who met at Paris just two years ago, and the Kellogg Pact came into being.

The Kellogg-Briand Pact was signed on August 27, 1928, and cynical men will point to its failure in the Russian-Chinese dispute in the Far East, to the fact that the London Naval Conference found in it no valid reason for disarmament. They hear the nationalists of France, as during the past week, rattle sabers again and talk of stronger armies with which to fight the German menace. They look across the miles to the Soviet Experiment, with its huge armies; to the bellowings of the pugnacious Il Duce.

And so the Kellogg Pact seems unimportant and futile. We offer the suggestion that the contrary is true. For the first time, despite the many reservations, the nations of the world admitted that war, as an instrument of national policy, was outmoded. We offer the thought that, for the first time, world peace became a positive and no longer a negative thing. At the Williamstown Institute of Politics distinguished speakers predicted a war that was certain to come under the iniquities of the Treaty of Versailles. We offer, finally, the contrast between these two treaties. One perpetuated the old bitterness, the old despair. The difference between them is the difference between good and evil; the one stands for war, the other for peace. But both are positive.

South American Revolutions

PRESUMABLY the Kellogg Pact cannot be criticized because it did not halt the wave of revolution which appears to be sweeping, like some contagious disease, across South America. Revolution remains the accepted form of political change in many of the countries on that troubled continent. Soon, no doubt, will come the crack of the firing squads. There are few ex-presidents in Central and South America.

Except with regard to a former American naval officer, who finds himself on the losing side in Peru and therefore in an uncomfortable predicament, the United States will for the present play the part of observer only. It will do more, of course, should the lives of nationals of other countries be endangered. It will intervene, in due time, should the factions which seize control refuse to pay government debts. It will do all this not, as Theodore Roosevelt did many times, under the Monroe Doctrine. The State Department has, more or less officially, ruled that interference will be based on other theories. It is a shade vague.

Keystone

QUELLS REVOLT

President Hipolito Irigoyen of Argentina, who seems to have put down the revolution

In Peru, where President Augusto B. Leguia has been overthrown, the revolution appears to be accomplished. Leguia, who once sold insurance, had made half-hearted attempts from time to time, to limit the power of the land-owning class. There is nothing to indicate that he accomplished much except to arouse thei opposition. Besides, it was felt that h had granted too much to Chile in th Tacna-Arica boundary dispute. Thes factors, combined with business depres sion and poverty, made the revolutio possible. Now, Lieut. Col. Luis M Sanchez Cerro is a virtual dictator an has formed a new cabinet.

At Washington, the State Departmen has announced no policy as to recogni tion of the new government. This wi depend, perhaps, upon the treatment o Leguia, who first fled but who is now prisoner. It will depend, even mor upon the fate of Lieut. Commande Harold B. Grow, who had been directo of Peruvian aviation at Leguia's re quest. He is awaiting trial. Charles W Sutton, an American irrigation enginee is also in prison. The State Departmen has already announced that it will insis upon fair trials.

As in Peru, business conditions i Argentina made fertile the soil for revo lution. The aged President Hipolit Irigoyen, in whose carriage Presiden Hoover rode on his South America jaunt, seems to have crushed his enemie for the present. Rumors of an outbrea in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, i southern Brazil, have been denied bu here, too, there is unrest. Bolivia en joyed a successful revolution some eigh or nine weeks ago, and so it goes.

G. O. P. Bible

THROUGHOUT the land, the orators wh will constitute the shock troops of th Republican Party in the approachin campaign, are learning by heart th truths set forth in the Republican Cam paign Book, just issued. Its 142 page are crammed with interesting facts, an near-facts. If only the people can b persuaded that they are, indeed, true, a vote of confidence is certain to come i November.

One sees in these historic pages the hand of Senator Simeon D. Fess, who almost nightly goes on the radio and sounds the praises of the G. O. P. Unless we are much mistaken, they will furnish ample ammunition for the sharp-shooting guns of Charles Michelson, the only political press agent in history to grow famous. For Democratic orators, also, are examining the pages of the G. O. P. Bible. On the whole, they are

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having a very much better time of it.

We learn, for example, that "few administrations in recent history have compiled such a record of promises kept as has the Hoover Administration." Thirty-four planks of the Kansas City platform have been translated into law, and now bless a happy land. The farmer has benefited by farm relief. The business man enjoys the new tariff, the minor iniquities of which will promptly be remedied by the flexible provisions. The veterans are prosperous, as they should be after their pension grab. The merchant marine has been aided.

It has been, of course, a cruel and trying seventeen months and "men of less sturdy courage . . . . than Mr. Hoover" might have become discouraged. The handicaps have been heavy and this relates, we assume, to the depression which can no longer be denied. All the promises kept? Alas, there was that first plank hewn at Kansas City when it seemed that the bull market would go on forever. There was the plank which hailed Republican prosperity, which pledged continuance of the Coolidge policies which had brought that prosperity into being. There were those addresses in which Mr. Hoover, looking brightly ahead to a Utopia of two-car garages and radio sets galore, intimated that he held the secret whereby poverty was to be eliminated.

On Republican Prosperity, the G. O. P. Bible is silent, and this in itself makes the volume of historic importance. The orators will search in vain for the old, familiar argument that prosperity reigneth in the land only when the G. O. P. rules. This, no doubt, is to be left to Mr. Fess, who already is saying that depression was world-wide and could not be avoided. Glory, Mr. Fess remarks, is achieved by adversity. The handicaps will "merely lend emphasis to the transcendental ability" of Mr. Hoover.

▸▸*A Little Crow*

THIS week, having previously been somewhat harsh concerning the appointment of Henry P. Fletcher to the new Tariff Commission, we eat a little crow. As the second member, Mr. Hoover has elected Thomas Walker Page of Virginia, a Democrat and supposedly an opponent of the high rates of the Smoot-Hawley bill. The other four members of the commission must be named before September 16, and the Senate will pass on them in December.

A little crow is only fair, then, but not a very large portion. The law provides that the board shall be bi-partisan and so Mr. Hoover had to choose from the party to which he once, but no longer, owed allegiance. Certainly Mr. Page is an excellent choice. He is an economist of standing, and will bring to the board a scholarly mind. He has long been engaged in similar work, and in 1911 was first appointed to a Tariff Commission by President Taft. How long ago that was! It was when Mr. Taft, hearing the rumbling of the Progressive revolt, no longer boasted that the Payne-Aldrich act was one of the best in the history of the nation.

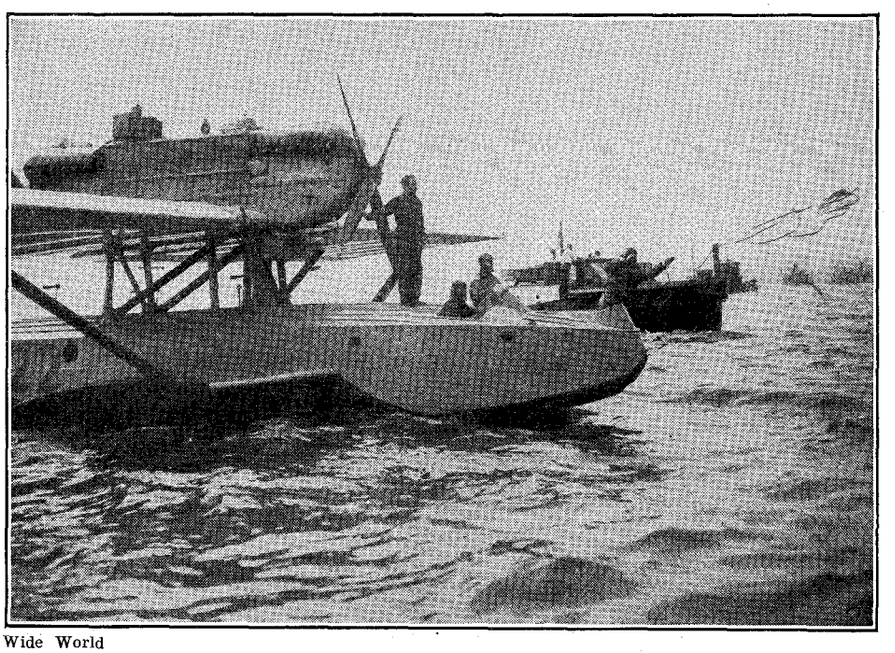
It was, in fact, during the Taft régime that the so-called flexible tariff first came into being. It was a good idea, in theory. In practice it has made no one happy. On the one hand, it has disturbed business men because of the possibility of change. On the other, it has failed to satisfy those who believe in downward revision, for despite the fears of the business men, few lower rates have ever resulted. Whatever its origin, the flexible tariff soon became a mere political trick and when Mr. Hoover, signing the present bill, pointed to its flexible provision he was making use of that trick.

It is now announced, that the rates on twenty-seven articles will be studied immediately, among them boots and shoes, cement, agricultural machinery, umbrellas, and ultramarine blue. The existing Tariff Commission will begin the work, and Mr. Fletcher will continue it. No one, at Washington—unless it is Mr. Fess—takes seriously the idea that under Mr. Hoover there will be lower tariffs. He may believe they should be lower, but he is anxious to have talk about the tariff stopped. Mr. Fletcher, who comes from Grundy Land—that is, Pennsylvania—will work in close contact with President Hoover.

▸▸*Seven-Hop Flight*

CAPTAIN WOLFGANG VON GRONAU flew from Germany's Isle of Sylt on the same day that the North German Lloyd liner Columbus lifted anchor at Bremen. With seven skillful hops Gronau and his three companions circled, northward and westward, to New York. The Columbus, built without the speed of her cousinships, the Bremen and Europa, steamed leisurely, took on mails at Southampton and Cherbourg, and tied to her Brooklyn pier—several hours before the German aviators alighted off the Battery.

The Germans brought their seaplane into the crowded harbor eight days after leaving the North Sea isle. Captain Gronau took off without announcing his destination or telling his chums that they were on anything more than a practice cruise. Like sparrows they skipped to the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, Labrador, and thence to Queensport and Halifax in Nova Scotia. Like eagles they came into roaring New York, theirs the first transatlantic flight to end in Manhattan's front yard.



Wide World

CALLERS ON MISS LIBERTY

Captain von Gronau landing his Dornier-Wal plane in New York Harbor

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Personally, the airmen deserve no little credit for a trip dangerous enough for any plane, doubly so for their five-year-old, reconditioned relic of Amundsen's days in the Arctic and Courtney's drifting near the Azores. They flew accurately, waited in more than one port for better weather, covered 4,670 miles in 47 hours flying time, and comported themselves with sanity rather than the usual ballyhoo and aerial gestures.

But the flight brought little for commercial aeronautics. That a plane, bearing four men and no freight, made its way across the Atlantic in eight days, concerns few who think of aviation in terms of passengers, mail and cargoes. With all its ostentatious mystery, the flight seems a throw-back into the days of spectacular barnstorming. That had its value before the world was graduated from its term of becoming air-conscious. The present term is one of adapting aviation to commerce. To that the northern flight contributed little more than it would have had the Kaiser or George Bernard Shaw slept in the cockpit.

▸▸*Babe and Hack*

Baseball turned into the autumn stretch with Babe Ruth and Hack Wilson providing the home run duel of the century. The Babe closed the dog days in bed with a back wrenched from stopping too quickly in the Yankee outfield. But his forty-four homers were one more than he had on the same day in the 1927 season closed with a record of sixty lost balls.

In Chicago, however, Hack ran through August more like an express train than the vehicle from which he got his nickname. The Cub centerfielder broke the National League home run record with a forty-fourth circuit blow off the Pirates and three days later stepped into two Cardinal pitchers. Before they had their showers Hack stood two runs ahead of Ruth and three runs ahead of Ruth's record pace of 1927.

Watching this slugging are the forty million who turn to the sports pages before reading prohibition proclamations, happy that even a Hoover market can't keep baseball from making new highs. Only a few of them know that four years ago Hack Wilson was farmed out by the New York Giants because he couldn't hit. Fewer realize that three years before that the stocky Pennsylvanian was bought by John McGraw for but $5,000. Nor do many remember that he played for Portsmouth, Virginia—any more than the thousands of kids around the radios realize that Ruth once pitched for Boston. But they know Hack's picture, his wallop and the club he is leading toward another pennant. For Chicago, as a year ago, is leading the league, chased tenaciously, perhaps futilely, by the Giants, the Brooklyn flock and the lowly St. Louisans.

With Babe Ruth, however, the wrenched back wasn't the worst news. His club is only in third place, a dozen games behind Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. In the Loop City that is good news, for the Chicagoans are anxious to avenge their world series defeat last year by the Athletics. That such will prevent a clash of the Babe and the Hack is a tragedy too deep for those who do not live in the wonderland of baseball.

Acme

CUBS' CIRCUIT CLOUTER
Hack Wilson, centerfielder on the Chicago National League team

▸▸*Blame for Palestine*

As predicted, the League of Nations Mandates Commission has submitted a report which criticizes Great Britain for its régime in Palestine. It is to be noted that the criticism is not limited to responsibility for the outbreaks at the Wailing Wall a year ago. It extends, in effect, to British policy generally in its relation to mandatory obligations in Palestine.

As for the riots, the Mandates Commission makes the point that Great Britain should have foreseen the trouble that was coming and should have acted to stop it. Incendiary Arab and Jewish newspapers were allowed to continue publication despite articles inciting to friction. It is declared that the intelligence service was inadequate, as was the police force. In brief, the British fell down on the job they had undertaken.

All this is answered with some asperity by Foreign Minister Henderson who insists that the Mandates Commission did not listen to the British side of the case, but based its findings too largely on testimony of Jews in Palestine. Whatever the truth of this, the important thing about the report is that it brings to the front the more general problem of whether the social and economic condition of Palestine has improved, whether the Jews and the Arabs lived in greater harmony as a result of British control.

The answer to both of these questions is in the negative. First, Great Britain has thus far failed in creating a national homeland for the Jews in Palestine. Second, she has thus far failed in the development of a degree of self-government for the Arabs. The British reply, as reflected in the London newspapers, is that it is all very well thus to talk in vague generalities. It asks for a more specific indictment. The matter will certainly be a subject for energetic debate at this year's sessions of the League of Nations.

▸▸*Britain in India*

Members of the Federal Bar Association, meeting at Washington last week, received a first hand account of the almost insuperable complexities of British rule in India. They listened to Sir John Simon, who is chairman of the Royal British Commission of Inquiry to India, and whose findings have already been widely studied.

Sir John made an excellent impression on his audience. He spoke plainly, moderately, and with great modesty. He told of the dense population of India, of the complicated caste system, of the fact that there was no common tongue. There were 70,000,000 Mohammedans and 200,000,000 Hindus. He described a situation in which one-third of India was not British at all, but consisted of 560 Indian States, whose rulers enjoyed treaty protection from the British crown.

In the audience which heard Sir John Simon were some of the American army

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officers who, in 1900 to 1904, found it no small task to bring order out of chaos in the Philippine Islands. They must have agreed with the British statesman, however, when he pointed out that this, in comparison to the Indian problem, was simplicity itself. Great Britain's purpose in India was to maintain order, to bring self-government into being, to better social and economic conditions.

But India was not "a single problem" but a maze of questions which "cannot be disposed of in a pose of confident omniscience or vague sympathy." As for self-government, India was "a land of minorities" in which the Mohammedan would not be ruled by the Hindu, in which the Sikh claimed special privileges.

Those Cute Children

Consider the prize-winners in this year's baby parade at Asbury Park, N. J. The crown went to Miss Gloria Matthews, six years old, who portrayed 'Little Miss America" and gazed smugly down from a float which represented, after a fashion, Commander Byrd's base at the South Pole. Miss Jean Schneider, nine, was honored for an allegorical representation called "Putting Asbury Park on the Map." This one is too complicated to describe. Master James Bingham won the "Princess Diana Prize," whatever that may be, for his imitation of Rudy Vallee.

There were many others, too nauseating to mention. The boosters of Asbury Park held the parade last week. Again perspiring mothers labored to build floats, spanked their off-spring into beguiling smiles, watched the procession anxiously, and sniffed at the other competitors. Beauty Pageants, in which Miss Hoboken competed with Miss Paris, Kentucky, for the crown of Miss Universe, have fallen into disrepute and have been banished to the murky, windswept sands of Galveston, Texas.

But the baby parades keep on. We offer them as America's leading example of bad taste. Without being dogmatic, we go further. They transform perfectly nice children into odious little brats. It is doubtless an excellent way for the hotels to make money, and for the hot-dog men to earn large profits. But they ought to pick on people their own size.

Duty of the States

Frank admission once again, this time by Assistant Attorney General Youngquist, that the federal government cannot possibly enforce prohibition without assistance of the states, gives added reason for careful study of the Auerbach plan published in The Outlook last week. Preliminary to repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment itself, which he favors, Mr. Auerbach recommended amendment of the Volstead Act by Congress. In brief, he would permit the states favoring prohibition to pass local laws, with positive guarantee of co-ordinate federal laws. Those states which did not so desire would be free to regulate the sale of liquor.

How does this relate to the radio address made by Mr. Youngquist, who is in charge of prohibition prosecutions under Mr. Hoover's new Department of Justice arrangement? Well, it is needless to say that the Assistant Attorney General gave no endorsement of optional control by the states. To have done so, would have brought down storms of disapproval from the Anti-Saloon League, would certainly have resulted in his resignation. Nor is there anything in his speech to indicate that he favors such a plan as the Auerbach proposal.

Yet there is much in what he said which applies. First, came the usual tale of woe. He echoed the polite Mr. Woodcock, the new Prohibition Director, in pointing with pride to the type of enforcement agent the Bureau of Prohibition intends to employ. But there will be only 1,750 of them, and so he spoke yearningly of the 175,000 local officers whose aid was sorely needed. If only the states would help! Then, indeed, would the iridescent dream of enforcement be realized.

Mr. Youngquist, we think, did some fancy skating. The Eighteenth Amendment, he said, is a "co-operative enterprise." In other matters of government, power of enforcement was given to either the state or the nation, not to both. It was the duty of the states to act "like good neighbors" and aid enforcement. He seemed to shake his head in sorrow over the bad, bad states which did not play the neighborly act. The answer is, that they do. Even in New York City, that sink hole of the wets, the local police do most of the arresting in prohibition cases. And who told Mr. Youngquist that local law officers did not assist the government in the enforcement of other laws? Did he ever hear of a policeman who did not arrest a counterfeiter, a dope peddler?

Mr. Youngquist spoke honestly, and will doubtless be upbraided for it, in conceding the necessity for state assistance. Then he departed from reality, and theorized about co-operation. Mr. Auerbach, on the contrary, dealt with actualities. The prohibition problem has long since passed the theoretical stage, and the Assistant Attorney General's statement that "enforcement—is becoming more effective" belongs elsewhere in this journal of thought and opinion; among the "Remarkable Remarks."

But in Great Britain, the Home Office reports that arrests for drunkenness in

Wide World

BABY PARADER
Six-year-old Gloria Matthews, as "Little Miss America," winner in Asbury Park contest

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England and Wales totalled 51,966 in 1929 as compared with 55,642 in 1928.

▶▶*Unhappy Author*

SENATOR WESLEY L. JONES of Washington didn't do it. The old gentleman, who once told astonished Washington correspondents that the young people of today rarely drank cocktails, informed the Associated Press last week that he was not the author of the so-called Jones law.

The idea, he said, was not his, but came from the Department of Justice. He had merely introduced the bill and he wants it understood that he does not, necessarily, favor such severe penalties for violation of the prohibition act.

Senator Jones is, of course, still in public life, and has before this announced that if the people of Washington decide against prohibition he will obey their mandate. In this, he is in partnership with Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, now deserted by the Anti-Saloon League. But he was, for a time, quite dry.

The Anti-Saloon League is to be congratulated that Mr. Andrew Volstead is not running for office. He holds an appointive post, as legal adviser to some enforcement unit in the Northwest. He need not fear the wrath of increasingly wet electorates. He has said nothing.

▶▶*Crime Wave Americana*

DOWN in Alabama, where the Ku Klux Klan and the Republican state organization are attempting to send Massa Tom Heflin back to the Senate, the Federal Court in session at Birmingham passed on a number of prohibition cases one day last week. They were:

Mrs. Sallie Glassgow, sixty-two years old, who stood trial for selling one pint of liquor and four quarts of beer. Convicted.

Mrs. P. P. Ridley, seventy-two years old, who confessed she had sold a quart of blackberry wine.

Clyde Cox, eleven years old, who pleaded guilty to selling liquor. His father had run a barbecue stand, and Clyde made the deliveries.

The fact that Judge W. I. Grubb was humane, and placed this group of criminals on probation, does not detract from the grotesque exhibition that prohibition again offered. Nor is Alabama any exception. Such absurd trials go on daily throughout the country with preliminary hearings being conducted even on Sunday in New York in futile efforts to clear up congested calendars.

But Massa Heflin, who opposed Al Smith because he was a Catholic and a wet, still has a chance of returning to the Senate. The "Jeffersonian Democracy" slaves for him. The state G.O.P. is, secretly if not openly, working for him. His opponent, Mr. Bankhead, has a fight ahead of him although he defeated Heflin in the primaries.

▶▶*Petty Graft*

"I WANTED to look you in the face and assure you of our earnestness and our desire to stop this and any other irregu-

Underwood

TO CLEAN UP THE TOWN
Mayor Walker of New York holds conference of civic leaders

lar practices that you know of in the city."

So spoke the normally light-hearted Mayor Walker of New York at a conference of civic leaders at the City Hall. The accounts of the meeting carry no mention of suppressed titters among those who heard His Honor's remarks. The prominent citizens merely discussed it solemnly afterwards, expressing confidence—or lack of it—in the sincerity of Mayor Walker's promises to clean up the city government.

Our recollection goes back to a day five or six years ago when Mayor Jimmy, then more of a novelty, addressed another meeting of civic leaders. As on this occasion, he was frank, boyish, charming. This job to which he had recently been elected was a big one, far too big for one man. He proposed to appoint a huge committee which would look into all manner of problems. Its advice would be zealously followed.

The years passed. Mayor Walker was reelected, although this time the support accorded was, perhaps, less unanimous among the Best People. The committees appointed at that first gathering had long since made their reports and these were gathering dust in forgotten pigeonholes. But Mayor Walker had, quite effectively, silenced many of his critics. Had he not asked them to bring in their solutions? Well, what was the complaint?

During recent months, the accusations have been more serious. Overwhelming evidence of corruption, not merely among lesser officials, has been brought forth. Governor Roosevelt is investigating complaints of a tainted judiciary, complaints which are based on conclusive proof. Mayor Walker, nimble as ever, is using the old tricks, however, and our prediction is that he will again be successful. Municipal government in New York, like municipal government everywhere else in this country is reeking with graft, with extravagance, with inefficiency.

The public seems to expect it. It appears to condone it heartily. Nor is it municipal government, alone, to which the American tolerance for graft extends. One recalls the public outrage over the oil scandals, how the voters turned the Republican party out of power after the Teapot Dome mess.

▶▶*Health Hints*

VEGETARIANISM is harmless, but it is likely to "fill a man with wind and self-righteousness." The health faddist, who constantly worries about what he shall eat or drink, will probably make himself ill. Health is a coy, an elusive goddess, and when pursued too vigorously she flees.

"We all know the intellectual prig. There are also physical prigs, who make health and development of the body their first thought. Exercise is the god of such men. They do physical jerks to the wireless, are always feeling their muscles and bragging of 'being in the pink'."

Such are excerpts which give only an approximate idea of the address made by Dr. Robert Hutchinson, the British physician and writer, before the British Medical Association in convention at Winnipeg. Dr. Hutchinson spoke on the theme, which such American physicians

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as Dr. Logan Clendening of Kansas City have also developed, that there is too much pondering over disease. Old-time care free ignorance is, perhaps, better than "modern curiosity and over-anxiety."

Incidentally, the New York *Times* is to be commended for sending a staff correspondent to the sessions in Canada. His dispatches make fascinating reading; and once again the *Times* demonstrates that news and not features make the best newspaper. Seldom, perhaps, have so distinguished a group of physicians from Great Britain, Canada, and the United States been in conference. The subjects treated have been varied.

On Tuesday, August 26, Dr. W. Harvey Smith of Winnipeg told his fellow doctors that they could not escape responsibility for their failure to provide competent medical service for all parts of the community. He said that the "economic organization" of the profession had not "kept pace with its scientific progress." Unless the doctors, themselves, developed a proper system, the state would surely do so. The ultimate answer, he felt sure, lay in health insurance. Only through this, could competent medical service be placed within reach of all.

Perhaps the most famous physician at the conference was Lord Dawson of Penn, whose name the civilized world saw on the bulletins during the anxious days when King George was so ill. Lord Dawson, again, made clear his belief in birth control and said he thought the action of the Lambeth Conference was a compromise. Most of the other eminent medical men present agreed with Lord Dawson that "responsible birth control" was essential.

▶▶*Palmetto's Hero*

South Carolina Democrats forced Senator Coleman Livingston Blease into a second primary but gave all too little hope of ousting him. For second primaries are as common as lynchings in the Palmetto state, where the Republican party does not exist and a Democratic nomination is the election.

In fact, Coley won his seat in a run-off six years ago, with a few hundred more votes than this week's opponent, former Representative James F. Byrnes. Blease was opposed by the newspapers, the ministers and all the self-termed "respectable" South Carolinians. He went to the Senate by virtue of Byrnes' Catholic affiliations and his own popularity in the cotton mill villages.

This year the American Federation of Labor sought to cut Coley's mill-hand support by advertising his vote for Judge Parker. Lined against him were many South Carolinians disliking his circus antics and club women eschewing his endorsement of lynching. So it has been since Blease entered the legislature at Columbia forty years ago. Despised by the upper crust, he won the adulation of mill hands and tenant farmers, and wrote in the Congressional Directory:

"Only South Carolinian who has been mayor of his city, senator from his county, speaker of the house, president of the senate, governor of the state, and United States Senator. Elected by the people and served in more offices than any citizen of the state up to the present date. Only one who has represented three of the state fraternal bodies in national grand bodies.

Great sachem of the Red Men, grand patriarch of the Odd Fellows, dictator of the Moose order, chancellor commander of the Knights of Pythias, Blease also became an Elk and a Woodman of the World. Once the ablest criminal lawyer in the county courts, Coley as governor from 1911 to 1915 pardoned 1700 convicts, including 100 murderers and scores of his own former clients. He resigned five days before his term expired, having heard of impeachment threats. He was on the state executive committee for two decades and rarely missed saying "to hell with the constitution." He has been defeated more than any man in South Carolina and in 1928 descended to helping write the Democratic national platform.

At Newberry college Blease won a students' oratorical contest but was refused the medal when found to have used an old politician's speech. He still borrows from other men and even in the plebian up-country swaggers with a large black felt hat, a shoe-string tie, a frock coat and striped trousers. His hair has silvered and his mustache, once black, added streaks of grey. Born at Newberry sixty-two years ago, he now lives at Boscobel, seven miles from the old home of John C. Calhoun. May he return there to be worshipped by the lint-dodgers and hill-billies.

Remarkable Remarks

The country highly appreciated the good fortune of having had the present leadership at the head of the Government, when the stock market collapsed. — Senator Simeon D. Fess.

No one welcomes an investigation more than myself.—Mayor James J. Walker.

The majority for the continuation and support of the dry law, and full government enforcement is unsurpassed.—Senator Morris Shepherd.

I am maintaining a dignified silence on prohibition.—Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

Women want what is right, and when they are not deceived concerning prohibition, and pacifism, they are the most powerful and useful influence on earth.—Arthur Brisbane.

After you have given a man $50,000 to invest for you and he doesn't, you do not give him $7,500 more, or like him any more.—Helen Kane.

Getting married, like getting hanged is probably a great deal less dreadful than it has been made out. —H. L. Mencken.

I did not hit mother in the nose.—Aimee Semple MacPherson.

▶▶*Road Hogs*

The term once referred merely to the motorist who occupied the center of the road, drove at the speed which suited him, and declined to pay attention to those who wished to pass him. Now it can be applied, as every one who drives a car knows, to the vast majority of people who operate automobiles.

The New York Automobile Club has performed a signal service in analyzing the causes of 100,000 accidents during 1929. This revealed the significant fact that 34,197 had been brought about by one motorist violating the right of way of another. Today's automobile has excellent brakes, a powerful engine, vastly improved headlights; and is driven by men and women without the faintest idea of the meaning of courtesy.

Owen B. Augspurger, President of the club, said that the greatest safety need on the highways was more of "the good old-fasioned road courtesy that existed in the days of the horse and buggy." When one passed another driver, in those remote times, it was the custom to tip one's hat. Any one who

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vociferously demanded an opportunity to pass, who did so rudely, was scorned as a boor.

But something happens to the average man when he controls a powerful piece of machinery which can run at amazing speeds. On foot he is docile enough. In his office he takes orders, and does as he is told. On the high road he is arrogant, unbelievably rude, and—as the New York Automobile Club now proves—an actual menace.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DESPITE the Senate's well known reputation for courtesy and chivalry, we understand that many of its members do not like the idea of a woman sitting in their midst. We hear that even Republican stalwarts are praying that Mrs. Ruth McCormick will be defeated in Illinois, where she is contesting for a seat against J. Hamilton Lewis of the pink whiskers and suits. Though it seems incredible, in view of the clannish spirit prevailing among Republicans, we are informed that numerous Old Guardsmen have informed the lady that they like her but do not relish the thought of having her as a colleague. A woman's place, in their opinion, is not in the Senate, even though eight of them have been sitting in the House for the last two years. In fact, we would not be surprised if the record of the eight ladies of the House inspired some of the prejudice against Mrs. McCormick's attempt to reach the Senate. Sorry as we are to admit it, the feminine Representatives, including Mrs. McCormick, have been far more ornamental than they have been useful. It may be unfair to subject the ambitious daughter of Mark Hanna to this general criticism, for the reason that she has not been present at sufficient House sessions to make a record.

We would set down this attitude as simply another bit of evidence of masculine selfishness were it not that it may have a great effect upon the lady's individual fortunes and the question of women in politics. Already we hear warnings that, if she should emerge victorious in the election, she will be kept waiting on the threshold while the Senate scans and scolds the large sums she spent in winning the primary contest against Senator Deneen, who defeated her husband six years ago. Instead of helping her in such a struggle, her sex may work against her.

For the present it is distinctly in her favor. Although we have discussed the question of her expenditure of $250,000 with numerous Senators, we find them loath to speak for publication. They decline the honor of throwing the first stone at the first woman to stand a possible chance of being elected to the "greatest deliberative body in the world."

Nevertheless, they never fail to point out that the Senate, by formal resolution, condemned Truman H. Newberry for his outlay of $195,000 in his primary fight with Henry Ford. That sum was described in the resolution as excessive and an offense to good political morals, and we find no Senator who does not shudder at the prospect of repudiating his former vote or casting a ballot to deny a seat to Mrs. McCormick. By the same token, they dread the suggestion that they may also be called upon to decide whether Secretary Davis' expenditure of a similar sum should be held against him. Nobody except the most embittered progressives and partisan Democrats would enjoy closing the door in the face of a Cabinet member who has served under three Presidents, especially if he be the popular and pushing "Puddler Jim."

N. Y. Evening Post

The appeal to reason

We imagine that public sentiment will determine the outcome of any contest against seating them. If the Senate discovers that the public accepts the alibi that the direct primary necessitates expenditures of large sums, it will go back on its Newberry judgment and seat them. If the plain "pee-pul" raise a hullaballoo, Mrs. McCormick and Mr. Davis will become Senators-eject. Should the Senate be forced to shoulder its burden without any clearcut expression of public sentiment as its guide, Mrs. McCormick will find her sex a great handicap. Moreover, we note a tendency to regard her as more culpable than Mr. Davis. Curiously enough, the argument is that she spent her own money, and thus deliberately disregarded the Newberry dictum, whereas Mr. Davis depended upon the customers' contributions and was, therefore, not personally responsible for the excessive amounts expended. We cannot see much of a distinction, since a candidate is supposed to know what goes on in his campaign—else how can he be expected to display that discretion which is such a marked characteristic of most of our Senators? It surely would be a hard blow to the puffy and pudgy Secretary of Labor to be denied a Senate seat, now that he has abandoned his profitable and honorable post in the Ancient Order of Moose and reconciled himself to leaving the Cabinet.

STRANGE as it may seem, the domestic rather than political arrangements of the Senate form the principal reason for the hope that Mrs. McCormick will never cross its threshold as a bona fide member. It is true that the basement bar has gone, and the snuff boxes on the side walls are rarely filled, but the ante-room and corridors still serve as clubrooms and taverns. A good deal of horseplay is staged there, racy stories are recounted and, maybe, a flask flashes now and then during a night session. So the Senate's objections perhaps may have a chivalrous basis, after all. Perhaps it is simply that the Senators want to keep the lady from coming into too close association with bad influences

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Lackey Statesmen ◀◀

THOSE who care to may interpret the recent speech of Ruth Hanna McCormick in Illinois merely as a victory for the wet cause. Formerly a militant dry, and nominated in a Republican senatorial primary in which she ran as a dry, she recanted her beliefs after the Republican Convention had pledged its candidates to vote for repeal—if by referendum the voters in Illinois make clear they want it. In her speech approving the action of the convention she declared that she herself would vote for repeal in the Senate, provided she were elected and given a mandate by the people of Illinois so to vote. In short, if the people did not like her old convictions she would have new ones. Thus she joined the little band of hitherto outspoken drys whose beliefs are subject to change at any time by a majority of one. Senator Jones, of Washington, through whose mushroom convictions, as expressed in the famous Five and Ten law, many hundreds of people are now in jail —some of them for life—is one of this glorious band. So is the otherwise granite willed Senator Walsh of Montana. So are many others. In fact the woods bid fair to be full of these folk in the next five years. Our Napoleons are reaching for the cloak of Fouché. The philosophy of Metternich is becoming more popular than that of Lincoln. Machiavelli stands higher than George Washington. No longer do our statesmen aspire to be leaders. They are become slaveys, applying at the public employment office, with a variety of political beliefs for hire.

▶▶ FOR a number of reasons, genuine, clear cut leadership in this country was ushered out with Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. In its place appeared political shrewdness, bringing with it an era of pussyfooting, whose God has been ambiguity and whose Heaven has been election. Sincere, passionate conviction, courageous, unalterable principles and pledges of life, fortune and honor have been unfashionable. With few exceptions, popular approval has been bestowed upon the pussyfoot and the politician, upon the confuser of issues and the evader of clear statement, upon the ambiguous and the silent. Political machines have definitely chosen adepts in the art of sidestepping. They have presented candidates who would please the greatest number and make clear their beliefs to the smallest number. In those cases where they have not presented such men, their candidates have usually lost the election.

▶▶ AS A result, year after year, elective offices have come more and more into the hands of politically shrewd, intellectually dishonest and spiritually bankrupt gentlemen. Ideal material for such organizations as the Anti-Saloon League to mould its wishes, these men have gradually formulated the tenets of slaveys, not free men. They have substituted for the lofty code of honor, courage and conviction, the theory of submission to the changing ideas of the majority of their constituents—anything, apparently, rather than personal resignation or withdrawal.

According to this new and shoddy ethic, no statesman is ever retired. He changes his mind, instead. He does not go before his constituents in defense of his beliefs and stand or fall by them. He alters his profound convictions and calls in clarion tones for everything he has hitherto denied. He does not fight an election like a gentleman, as James Wadsworth did. He forswears his beliefs, like a Jones or a McCormick, and begs an election.

▶▶ FOUCHE, French minister of police, has been the arch prototype of this kind of public man since the days of the First Empire. "Fouché," remarked Napoleon, "is the perfect traitor." Fouché would serve to the best of his ability any faction that secured power. He had no personal beliefs or convictions worth mentioning. Plentifully endowed with brains, his soul was the soul of a lackey. He shrank not at all from sending to his death any enemy of his whilom employers. Any more than a Senator Jones shrinks from imposing jail sentences of ten years upon offenders against the prohibition laws, in order to hold his $10,000 a year job as Senator—or apparently will shrink from letting these same offenders out of jail five years from now, if that will assure him his job again. Such men are merely ambitious. They will barter away other men's lives and freedom and then buy them back again in order to gratify their employers. Senator Jones has indicated that he will do so. Ruth Hanna McCormick is willing to do likewise. Senator Walsh is willing to do likewise. Otherwise these three politicians would state their own honest beliefs and be willing to stand or fall by them. They are not leaders. They are lackeys. In view of their achievements and high position in America, their example is lamentable.

▶▶ CYNICAL observers of the political scene for the last ten years have coined a phrase: Republican English. Definition: English designed to conceal its meaning; capable of being misinterpreted; ambiguous. Harding's speeches on the Association of Nations contained many prime examples of it. Coolidge often cut it to the bone. Mr. Hoover has employed it oftenest in his speeches on the Eighteenth Amendment and law enforcement. Democrats have been known to imitate it. Franklin D. Roosevelt is learning it. Always it is useful in dodging an issue. It is essentially the language of the lackey; never of the leader. Not one line of it is to be found in the Declaration of Independence or in any speech of Abraham Lincoln. So far, Alfred E. Smith has eschewed it. So has Dwight W. Morrow. But Ruth Hanna McCormick uses it when she says that if the people of Illinois vote clearly for repeal, she will vote as ordered. For Illinois has already held a clear referendum on the liquor question and voted wet. How many referenda constitute a belief for a lackey statesman? How many votes transform a moral issue into a political mistake?

The Editors

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The Ozarks Go Native

By WILLIAM R. DRAPER

PROGRESS is lifting the Ozark hill billy by the seat of his overalls from his rocky hillside farm, and providing him a more profitable job feeding cotton spindles. The strong arm of industry is changing the shiftless trapper into a mill hand. The machine age will soon overcome the slow-going people who live in the mountain area of Missouri and Arkansas—these fishermen, tie hackers, berry growers—making of them cogs for whirring wheels. Noisy factory whistles will drown the soft music of clear swift water running over the gravel bars.

But not until these people put on the gloves and fought to a finish. Not until their shoulders were on the mat and the referee had given them the count. The march of progress into the hill country was to them a much hated invasion of their sacred rights, upsetting entirely their manner of peaceful, quiet and picturesque life.

The Ozarks are going in for big water power development. Millions have already been spent in preliminary work; two small hydro-electric plants already completed, a major project costing seventy-five millions will be finished within a year, and several hundred thousand horse power released to drive mines, smelters and factories.

Thousands of miles of twisting, spring-fed streams are now being harnessed and put to work, creating the driving energy for silk mills, cotton spindles, shoe, shirt, and overall plants; all of which will dot a landscape in a country where the sound of the noon day whistle will be a nasty noise to the original settler, who would much rather hear the tinkle of the big cowbell calling the boys in to their dinner.

Millions of dollars will be added to the wealth of the Ozarks by these new power projects. Work will be provided for thousands of hill folks. Even now the area in which the several hydro-electric developments are under way, there is a decided stir of employment. New towns and more highways. Small luxuries and plenty of strife. Regular incomes and new living conditions.

But is everybody happy? No. The natives who own most of the back land along these streams, where they make their homes, are not pleased at all. Their ancestors came into the Ozarks with Daniel Boone from Tennessee, South and North Carolina. They have been hill people for many generations. They have backwoods ways and they do not want to change them for any other ways. By right of heritage and long living these hills belong to them.

Ewing Galloway

OLD WATER MILL IN THE OZARKS

Modern hydro-electric plants are soon to replace these primitive wheels

Worthless? No. Valuable? No. Just ordinary — these Ozarks. Restful scenery, clear, cold water, good fishing sometimes, hunting all gone, middlingly productive land. Nevertheless an ideal place for a family whose wants are simple and who like freedom of sprawling ridges and wide hollows, winding streams, bubbling springs and enormous caverns.

The Ozarkians, if such the tribe could be called, have lived lazy, kin marrying, morally clean, but none too God-loving lives. Feuds of love and passion have flared and died, moonshine has been made and bartered, tie timber has been stolen, some murders have been unnecessary, but as a people they are peace-abiding and fairly respectful of the laws. The Ozarks are rocky and well timbered. Climate is mild and such crops as are planted grow fairly, but the crop tenders are none too active in the growing season, and to them winter is a delight because they can group around the fireplace—and loaf.

It was never imagined for a moment that the streams of the Ozarks might be considered public property. No Ozark settler ever gave thought to putting dams across the swift waters and making electricity, although for a hundred years they have used the rivers for running mills. The idea that an alien folk might come in and take these streams away from them, backing water over their fishing holes and into quiet coves where they have their settlements, and even covering over their corn fields —such a thing was preposterous.

But progress is a mighty steed and it rides far. It travels into remote districts. It has even reached the Ozarks after curving all around it. Invasion of the water power potentate into an unfriendly kingdom has been a bitter pill for the hill billy to swallow, but the public utility corporations have fought quietly for many years and now the native has been licked aplenty. The courts have ruled against him. Water power is a public necessity. Lands and streams can be seized and used.

Industry is to be served in the Ozarks as it has been elsewhere. A voice of authority has spoken. But it is like the hissing of a rattler to the Ozarkian landowner who has controlled this region since our country was organized; who came in after the white French trader and the red Indian had moved out and who has been pretty much in the saddle for the last one hundred and fifty years.

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Fwing Galloway

WATER POWER FERRY ON THE WHITE RIVER
Eleven dams are to be built in Arkansas along the White and Buffalo rivers

To the amazing extent of producing 1,500,000 horse power these Ozark streams in Missouri and Arkansas have been measured and found efficient. Projects costing around $135,000,000 are now actually, or soon to be, under way. Experts have finished extensive stream flow tests and announce 600,000 horse power can be developed in Missouri and 900,000 in Arkansas. In Missouri licenses have been granted for 500,000 horse power, and actual development of 300,000 horse power is now under way. While Arkansas is scheduled to produce 900,000 horse power much of this is borrowed from Missouri streams. Public utility concerns, accordingly, have given the two Ozark commonwealths an equal rating.

THE Ozark mountain range is the oldest in America. During the Cambrian period this area was transformed from ocean bottom to highest mountain peaks on the continent. But slowly, to be sure, over millions of years, the softer sedimentary rocks have washed away and today you find a country of low-lying ridges, an occasional high bluff and deep canyon. All the stupendous magnitude and grandeur have gone, replaced by gentle hills, swift and winding rivers and a hundred thousand caverns.

This happy lazy Ozark land will soon be teeming with industry created from white coal. This is the cheerful vision of the townspeople who live in the hills, but not the native farmer. The two maintain entirely different viewpoints. Ozark townsmen are looking through rose-colored glasses. Chambers of commerce are working up plenty of pep for a land boom. All of which is wasted energy, for there is too much cheap and non-productive land in the hills, and the climate does not lend itself to pleasure seekers, although they do come into the so-called "land of a million smiles" by the hundreds of thousands when driven from surrounding cities by extreme heat. The hill-country is a quiet and restful spot to loiter in in spring or fall, at which times it has a few visitors.

Developments now in progress, and just ahead, certainly do portend a great advancement for the Ozarks and no doubt it will become an industrial factor, for a million and a half horse power will turn a lot of wheels and print yards of rayon silk, and fashion shirts and overalls for a nation. But it will never bring a boom like Florida had, nor will it turn the Ozark lake-shores into playgrounds for those who have visited California and Colorado.

The actual building of a huge dam across the Osage river is now progressing at Bagnell in Central Missouri. This project is slated to cost seventy-five million dollars—power plant, dams, transmission lines, all. Here the builders, the North American company, encountered the hatred of the native land owners who combined and refused to sell their farms along the river, which the company was and is to cover with 70 feet of water when they have finished a dam 110 feet high and 1750 feet long across the river.

The Bagnell dam will back the Osage river waters upstream a distance of 125 miles and cover some 65,000 acres of river bottom land, held by natives as more sacred than money could buy. Plainly they have never been in any deal for a hold-up on prices; actually these farmers employed attorneys and paid them money to try and stop the building of the Bagnell dam. But the North American company had its government and state permits; it saw the opportunity to create a money-making device, and it even entered into an agreement with the great lead mines and smelters in south-east Missouri to furnish them power before it had started construction work. Now that the job is well toward completion, demands for power have been so great there is some talk of increasing the size of the project.

The Osage river Ozarkese lost in the courts. The non-resident land owners accepted prices of thirty dollars and upward for their holdings. One after another the natives yielded. The struggle, however, is far from over. There are numerous families who claim they will never sell. Not until the big dam is finished and water starts backing over them will they move out. No doubt they will stick to this threat, for when the dam was built across White river in

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Taney county, a number of natives there had to be hauled out by force or they would have drowned and their chattels been buried deep under the backwaters of Lake Taneycomo.

Some people are stubborn that way. Sentiment and tradition die a hard death in the backwoods. They truly do, and it means nothing to the natives to be accused of standing in the light of their neighbors who wish development to proceed and the country to advance. The Ozark hillmen, who are passing slowly, are a curious and suspicious people. They dress up like cowboys when they want to "step out" and yet they have no herds of cattle. They think it all right to make and sell liquor, or even shoot an enemy dead in his tracks, but they are very honest when it comes to paying their bills or in their dealings with their own women.

Ozark hill women themselves are more enterprising than the men and sometimes marry outside the clan, even go to town and live, buy store clothes and take a fashion magazine. But the men never go beyond their community for a sweetheart or wife; believe in large families and, outside of attending a political meeting now and then, never go off the home place without their "wimmin folks." Backwoods frolics are commonplace. The high-powered mountain dew consumed at these dances sometimes causes fighting, but seldom any more does it bring about murder. Romance bumps along over the rough trails of the lonely ridges; brawny hill men and hard working women feel the same heart throbs as city folks. Here the consistency of love is greater; marriage is for life. Women work side by side at all kinds of out-door employment with their men folks.

At table rock on White river in the famous Shepherd of the Hills region, another hydro-electric project of major proportion is slowly proceeding. This is a Cities Service company development and here Mr. Doherty's most diplomatic agents have been employed for several years trying to argue the hill people who live along the James and White rivers into a notion of accepting money for their old homesteads.

Natives of Stone and Taney counties have played important roles in pictures and fiction. Some of them imagine now they are characters who will live through the ages. Perhaps so. Taney county has twenty-seven tomato and bean canning plants and twenty-eight summer resorts along Lake Taneycomo, and it is a problem each summer whether the canning places are going to get enough native labor to help handle the crop, as most of them are down along the river telling big yarns to the pop-eyed summer guests, wearing out legends and tales and speaking a jargon for the occasion they drop quickly when they get home.

Table Rock dam will be 197 feet high and 2,000 feet long, with a spillway of 2,000 feet. The dam will cost $16,500,000. Already Cities Service company has started work on the dam in a small way, making soundings, testing rock outcropping and pressure, and investigating caves near by for possible crevices through which the water will seep. Within a few miles is Marvel Cave, third largest in America, 900 feet deep and large enough to carry off a goodly portion of the Table Rock lake should a break ever occur between the two. It is hardly likely that any such crevice will develop, as geologists have given it a thorough investigation and report the layers of rock firm.

The Table Rock project will cost around fifty million dollars. The company has bought 10,000 acres of land—nearly all of it from non-residents. Meanwhile they have hired hillmen to work for them in hopes of breaking down resistance of the old timers and getting title to the land without resorting to condemnation. They are buying mortgages and tax titles, using all fair methods of getting the fifty or sixty thousand acres necessary for the lake bottom well rounded up before the huge dam is too far along.

The Doherty company was held up for two years by Stone County Court demanding they bridge Table Rock Lake in the very center. The Court finally won out and Cities Service have contracted for a $350,000 bridge, not exactly necessary but certainly ornamental. The hydro-electric company wanted to furnish a wide drive-way across the dam, but the natives thought it would be nicer to cross the lake in the center. The lake is to be 125 miles long and a number of large hotels and ferry crossings have been arranged by capitalists who are following this development closely. Table Rock project will furnish 225,000 horse power, and will be the largest of

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Ewing Galloway

NATURAL BRIDGE OF LIMESTONE

The Ozark country is filled with sprawling ridges and wide hollows, winding streams and enormous caverns

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The Stream of Business

Should Directors Direct?

By FRANK A. FALL

IN A famous case which has been referred to so often that this time it shall be nameless, considerable light has been thrown on the attitude of directors of corporations toward their responsibilities. This is by no means the first or the only case in which directors have made amazing admissions of their ignorance of important facts and figures bearing on the operations of the enterprises they were, theoretically at least, directing.

An outstanding American banker, Craig Hazlewood, has spoken out in meeting very frankly on this problem as it concerns directors of banks. In his book, *The Bank and Its Directors,* he quotes with approval this statement made by the president of a Kansas bank: "If I were a director in a bank and the management expected me to be a figurehead, I would resign."

If a corporation director were sufficiently interested, he might turn to a convenient text on business law and read something like this: "The board of directors, elected by the stockholders, has the entire management of the corporate affairs. The directors of a corporation are held to be its agents, and, in a measure, trustees for the stockholders. They are responsible for its proper management."

Unquestionably a director who messes into all the small details of operation is not a help. He is a nuisance. But so also is one who knows nothing, or next to nothing, about the affairs of the enterprise. Efficiency here lies, as it so often does, in the middle ground between two extremes. The useful director is the one who lets details slide but bears down hard on the factors which mean, in the long run, life or death to the business.

Stirring Up the Grocers

"THIS," said a retail grocer of Jacksonville as he inspected the model grocery store set up by local trade associations in cooperation with the Department of Commerce, "is the way we all ought to do it." And 52 stores in the one Florida city are now being completely remodeled as a direct result of the display.

During the first week after its opening, the model grocery was visited by more than one-fifth of Jacksonville's retail merchants, and by delegations from several neighboring cities. The object of this experiment in mercantile education is to demonstrate to retailers how an efficient layout contributes to economy of operation, and how, without inflating operating expense, merchants may attract new customers and increase their sales.

The model layout is designed to handle about $50,000 in annual sales, and to be operated by three or four people. The entire retail selling space, which measures 20 by 45 feet, is thrown open to customers, so that all of the goods displayed may be easily seen and inspected.

While the model store is fully stocked, no goods are offered for sale. About $1,200 investment in merchandise stock is represented, the commodity group quotas ranging from $310 for canned goods down to $21 for sugar. Equipment investment totals $3,700, of which $2,400 is for the meat department, $600 for the grocery department, and $700 for delivery equipment. This is getting retail store operation down to a brass tacks basis, which is precisely where it belongs.

INDICES

(*A two-minute summary*)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) August 28—83.3. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) August 28—75.5.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended August 16—922,823 cars (increase of 18,666 over preceding week; reduction of 179,744 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended August 23—58% of capacity (increase of 3.5% over preceding week; reduction of 31% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended August 23—daily average gross 2,470,500 barrels (increase of 6,950 over preceding week; reduction of 495,850 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended August 23—3,316,000 bushels (increase of 180,000 over preceding week; reduction of 4,287,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (*as reported to Bradstreet's*) Week ended August 28—$7,738,245,000 (reduction of 11% under preceding week and of 35.7% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended August 28—471 (increase of 35 over preceding week and of 106 over same week of 1929).

Vagaries—Series 7

IT HAS been suggested that we offer prizes for vagaries. The idea is being given careful if not prayerful consideration, and pending a decision as to whether the awards should be made for the best business oddities or the worst, we report the following for more or less honorable mention:

1. That Dutch meteorological expert, Professor Veraart, who ends droughts by sprinkling chipped ice on clouds from an airplane.

2. Those southern cities that have learned to eliminate sun glare by laying emerald colored sidewalks on their business streets.

3. That supplier of credit information who returned an inquiry blank with the note: "O. K. Has been out of business a long time. Also dead."

4. That German chemist, Professor Goldberg, who has discovered a method of photographing the pages of a hundred novels on a single postcard, so that page after page may be read from a projector screen.

5. That device, invented by a New Jersey lawyer, which might tend to discourage the hit-and-run motorist. A tube, attached to the front bumper of the car, shoots out a spray of paper disks, bearing the owner's license number, whenever the bumper is heavily jarred. The scheme is complete except for the small detail of how motorists are to be compelled to attach the tubes to their cars.

Pooling Purchases

IN *Co-operative Retail Buying Associations* (McGraw-Hill $3.00) Wilford L. White, professor of marketing in the University of Texas School of Business Administration, tells the story of a movement which began about forty years ago, grew steadily until the depression of 1921, and has shown new signs of life during the past two years.

Five important marketing functions are performed, in varying degrees, by the cooperatives. These are, in the order of their presentation by Dr. White—selling; credit; delivery; buying; and storage. Following the chapters devoted to those functions, the author discusses general problems of organization, management, location and cooperation.

The concluding chapters deal with the present status of this type of distributive organization, and probable future trends. While this is essentially a special study, it offers much that is of value to all who are interested, even in a general way, in the basic problems of distribution.

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▶▶ Bonds as a Barometer ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE bond market, after months of alternating buoyancy and weakness, appears at last to have taken a definite turn for the better. There was a promising upturn last March, but it was not sustained. For approximately two months, however, the trend has now been so persistently upward that it can hardly be regarded as one of the temporary fluctuations which characterized the market earlier in the year.

This improvement is of importance not only to investors but to all who may be interested in the general course of trade and industry; for during the past half-century a recovery in bond prices has regularly proclaimed the approaching end of a period of business depression. Those who are wise to the ways of the security markets also tell us that a bull movement in bonds is usually the forerunner of a similar movement in stocks, a point which may be worth noting for future reference.

WHATEVER its implications, the bond market is looking up. The average price of forty domestic bonds has risen 5.4 per cent since November 14, 1929, when the market hit bottom. This advance compares favorably with those recorded in previous upturns. Unlike the rise of last March, the present one has not been accompanied by an increase in the volume of trading. This is regarded as a good omen. In March the total transactions were more than double those of the corresponding period of 1929, and the activity soon spent its force. It seems that very active trading usually comes in any market just as prices are nearing their top on that particular movement, and for this reason moderate activity in a rising market is regarded as an indication that the rise is not yet near its end.

The bond market may rise for a time while stocks and general business are booming, but before long it begins to fare badly. In such a period interest rates go higher, and the chances for speculative profits become more and more inviting. Expanding business also draws money from investment to commercial channels. Under these conditions the bond market begins to suffer from neglect. Such a situation was much in evidence during the great boom in stocks in 1928-29. Bond prices began to recede in January, 1928, after their general trend had been upward for more than four years. That was really a warning signal—as reliable, perhaps, as any we know—but it went unheeded. The country at that time had ears only for good news and was enchanted by the predictions of the new-era prophets.

When the rate of interest on call loans climbed far above the yield on good bonds, financial institutions, industrial corporations and even individuals found it profitable to sell their bonds and to place their funds in loans subject to call and amply secured by stock market collateral. To lend money at from 7 to 10 per cent, repayable on demand, comes about as near to having one's cake and eating it as anything that can be found in this world. The bond market could do nothing but sag under the stress of such competition, and so a bear movement developed simultaneously with the final stage of the bull movement in stocks.

All this was quite in accord with precedent, but its full significance was not appreciated by those who were too close to the events. If we look back a few years we shall see that the bond market turned down in the same way in 1916, soon after the war boom gained full headway. It turned down again in the midsummer of 1922, evidently in connection with the short-lived business boom of 1922 and early 1923. On the other hand, it turned up in November, 1914, as the depression of 1913-14 neared its end, and again in June, 1921, as the post-war deflation neared its last stage. It would appear, then, that if this experience of past years is still a guide, any firming tendency in bond prices such as has been noted during July and August is a signal of no slight importance.

It may seem a bit paradoxical that conservative investment issues should rise in advance of stocks, which are supposed to be more sensitive than bonds to coming economic developments. As a matter of fact, the rise of bonds in a period like the present is not really in anticipation of an improvement in business. People are not buying bonds because they expect a big increase in business activity in the near future. If they were actuated by any such belief they would probably be buying stocks instead.

The demand for bonds has strengthened mainly for two reasons: First, there is the so-called institutional demand, due to the desire of banks, investment trusts, life insurance companies and other financial concerns to obtain the maximum interest with safety on their otherwise idle funds while still keeping them liquid; second, there is the demand from a public which liquidated its holdings of stocks some months ago and has not yet gained sufficient confidence in the future course of the stock market to resume its trading in shares.

THE PRESENT strength of the bond market thus comes in a period when the owners of liquid capital are mobilizing their resources and awaiting definite indications that a new era of expansion is at hand before venturing into more speculative fields. It forecasts the approaching end of a period of declining business rather than the actual beginning of a new upward swing. Improving bond prices are therefore a good sign, but they give no indication whether the business recovery which will eventually follow will come quickly or slowly. They merely show that the tide has practically ceased its ebb.

From all this it is not to be inferred that bonds of every sort are "a good buy." The improvement has been most pronounced in high-grade bonds, the kind which financial institutions choose for the employment of their spare funds with a minimum risk. Many securities which are called bonds offer no better guarantee of income than preferred stocks, and some of them rate no higher than low-grade preferred stocks. No matter how strong the bond market in general may be, it can never be strong enough to justify indiscriminate buying. The time-tested rule of investigating before investing always holds good.

In like manner, the fact that increasing interest in bonds is usually a forerunner of better business and an upturn in the stock market does not of itself mean that the time is at hand for obtaining bargains in stocks. Last March, when bonds suddenly became buoyant, some enthusiastic followers of the stock market immediately predicted that a new boom in stocks was at hand which would carry prices before the end of the year far above the peak they attained in 1929. The big slump in stocks which came in May thoroughly demonstrated the fallacy of that assumption.

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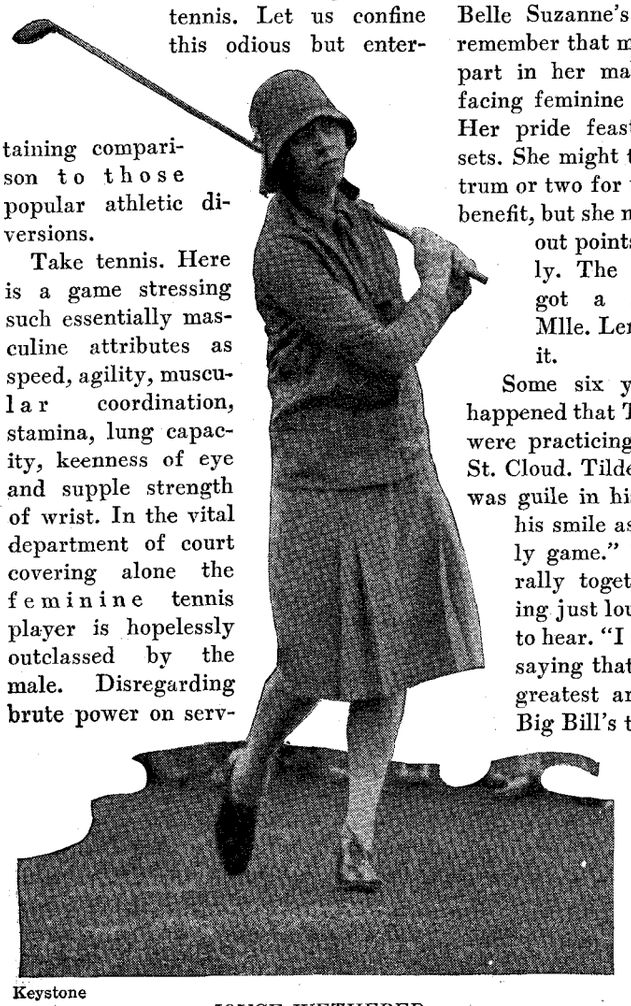
▶▶ Chivalry Aside ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

"GOLF" Glenna Collett tells Outlook readers, "is the hardest of sports for the average woman to do well."

If by "average" Miss Collett means the woman who has little aptitude for athletics, the above statement is sound. And yet, strange as it seems in the light of that premise, golf is the one game (mind you we exclude sports such as riding, swimming, sailing, etc.) wherein the feminine best most nearly approximates the masculine tournament standard.

There is a fine distinction between games and sports. In a game you compete against a fellow human; in a sport you pit your skill or strength against nature and the elements. Granting that the subcutaneous layer of fat, which is woman's biologic heritage, gives her an advantage in swimming contests involving prolonged submersion, the fact remains that the only games which bring the sexes face to face are golf and tennis. Let us confine this odious but entertaining comparison to those popular athletic diversions.



Keystone

JOYCE WETHERED

Take tennis. Here is a game stressing such essentially masculine attributes as speed, agility, muscular coordination, stamina, lung capacity, keenness of eye and supple strength of wrist. In the vital department of court covering alone the feminine tennis player is hopelessly outclassed by the male. Disregarding brute power on service and sheer speed of shot, the woman player isn't quick enough on her feet to cope with a man's dynamic all-court game.

Suzanne Lenglen, at the zenith of her temperamental career, attained a degree of skill which no other woman tennis player, Miss Wills included, has matched. The French girl's shots didn't carry the sting that distinguishes the present champion's strokes, but Suzanne could cover court like a moonbeam and had a masculine grasp of strategy.

It had always been Bill Tilden's ambition to coax Mlle. Lenglen to play him an informal match. The lady was coy, didn't relish the idea of being "shown up" in public. If you followed La Belle Suzanne's career you remember that mercy had no part in her make-up when facing feminine antagonists. Her pride feasted on love sets. She might throw a tantrum or two for the gallery's benefit, but she never handed out points gratuitously. The woman who got a game from Mlle. Lenglen earned it.

Some six years ago it happened that Tilden and Mlle. Lenglen were practicing on adjoining courts at St. Cloud. Tilden saw his chance. There was guile in his heart but gallantry in his smile as he suggested a "friendly game." "How about a warm-up rally together?" he asked, speaking just loud enough for bystanders to hear. "I don't want to die without saying that I've played against the greatest artist tennis has known." Big Bill's tones were unctuous.

Suzanne's vanity was touched. Besides she didn't want sideline snoopers to accuse her of declining the issue. Alas for feminine prestige, she accepted. At first they simply knocked the ball about, Tilden contriving to be outmanoeuvred. The wily Philadelphian missed just enough of Mlle. Lenglen's postage stamp placements to give the lady a false glow of confidence. She didn't need much encouragement.

"Suppose we keep score—just for the fun of it?" Tilden's voice was suavely casual.

Keystone

SUZANNE LENGLEN

"All right," said Suzanne. Tilden netted the prima donna's first service. Without blatantly throwing points, he permitted Mlle. Lenglen to reach 40-love. Whereupon the Machiavellian master proceeded to bear down, reeling off four straight points with untouchable drives.

So it went. Tilden carelessly dropping the first two or three points in each game, then tightening up and pulling through from deuce. As this sardonic comedy progressed, Suzanne, ordinarily pale, flushed a deep scarlet. Suspicion deepened into conviction that Tilden was having his little jest at her expense.

When the set ended 6-0 in Tilden's favor, Mlle. Lenglen flounced off the court in a huff. Big Bill had squared accounts for the drubbings his friend Mrs. Mallory had suffered at Mlle. Lenglen's hands.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

THE lusty middle-aged adventurer who plays psychological earthquake in J. B. Priestley's new novel *Angel Pavement* (Harper & Bros., $3.00), says to his dinner companion, in referring to the restaurant where he takes her: "Bundle's is the place if you're really hungry and you want a good solid feed. It's English, too, and I like it for that—good, old-fashioned tack." "Mind you," he goes on to say, "Bundle's isn't a cheap place, by any means. . . . It's plain, but it works out as expensive as most places, even though the other places give you ten courses and a band and rattles and confetti and God knows what else. There's nothing like that at Bundle's, but there's real food and some good drink." Mr. Priestley's book offers you just such sustenance as this. In his story of an office force in the backwaters of London he heaps upon your plate the meat of his understanding and the greenery of his fancy. To wash down such earthly fare, he gives you a wine flavored with mellow irony. You come away from his abundance, perhaps somewhat flushed, but satisfied, replete, aware that you have given your digestion a task worthy of its best efforts. On *Angel Pavement*, a street little known to the flourishing business sections of London, works the firm of Twigg & Dersingham, dealers in veneer and inlay for furniture. The offices are musty, begrimed, and dismal, in key with the firm's tottering prosperity. The office force consists of Mr. Dersingham, its head, with the instincts of a frustrated public school graduate who never reached the university and who is happiest on the side lines of a tennis court, shouting "Shooting!" when some one swats the ball; Mr. Smeeth, the accountant, whose formula for life, whose driving impulse, is a losing battle for security; Turgis, a pimply assistant, whose red-rimmed eyes have long coveted, without solving, the secret of flapperdom; Miss Matfield, the secretary, a high class girl of thirty, who, however loath she is to admit it, finds her only glamour in the perusal of South Sea Island love stories; lastly, Stanley, the office boy, whose outlet lies in fabulous dreams of becoming a detective. Into the routine of this group sails, quite suddenly, the enterprising, mysterious, somewhat portly figure of Mr. Golspie. He shakes the dust from their eyes, the inertia from their finger-tips, and the cycle of their days from its orbit. His rich, vague, fruity influence, devoid alike of humdrum and dependable elements, penetrates the lives of the office staff and its family ties. His departure, which is equally sudden, throws them back upon their old selves. He moves like a giant biped across their ant-hill, changing its whole topography and destroying its labored construction, then vanishes, leaving them to rebuild it in a new pattern. Mr. Golspie, in a way, symbolizes the gusty breath of the unusual which, blown upon the commonplace, sometimes acts like a tornado, uproots, flings skyward, then drops its shattered burden in its wake. *Angel Pavement* tells the story of how these lives, part of the world's mediocrity, are throttled by an alien personality. You enter their houses, their rooms, the secret places of their hearts. While you are allowed to shiver a little at the bluff and the loneliness there, at the petty weaknesses and futile dreams, you cannot forget that, over them all, lies the cloak of human dignity. Mr. Priestley is an ample writer. He gives himself the time to be ripe and juicy. For this he has been likened to nineteenth century novelists. But it would not be doing him justice to box him as retrogressive. He does not seem to revive the past from scorn for the present tempo of the novel. He stands apart from his own time in his capacity for patience, in his willingness to give full measure to his work. Yet he lives actually in the common, average world of his own day, through a deep, sane wonder at the flux of human life.

From the jacket of "A Barrel of Clams" by Shirley Berton Lesher (Harcourt, Brace)

The young author of the silvery, dream-shod story of adolescence, *Dusty Answer*, again writes in *A Note of Music* (Henry Holt & Co., $2.50), her new novel, of people whose lives are streaked with eagerness and disillusion. This time, they are older; they ask less; and they have learned to wall away despair. Their rebelliousness has lost much of its thrust. Their desires are shot through with a foreknowledge of disappointment. They listen, this time, with still faces, to the inevitable dusty answering of life. Grace Fairfax, thirty-four, childless, lazy, keeps step with the dull husband of her choosing and only sometimes hides in a lush world of inner dreams. Her woman friend in this little

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English town, Norah MacKay, married to a crotchety, miserable, wistful professor, has buried an ancient passion in devotion to her small sons. Into the lives of these two women steps, for a few months, Hugh Miller, a fresh-faced, lonely, urgent, young man. He sees their approaching heaviness and pities it, detachedly, always too self-absorbed to guess his importance to their thoughts. He gives them brief moments of friendliness and a vague, unspoken sympathy. In Norah, he stirs a fluttering sentiment which she quells. In Grace, he grafts the image of an impossible, yet unforgettable love. Both their lives are changed by his coming and by his going. Only the surface days and nights plod one upon the other as they did before. Even a modest, sickly little prostitute whom Hugh once takes to dinner finds an unattainable, but fitting center for her dreams in him. And, although he himself is profoundly alone, he never realizes how closely he touched these other beings. Behind the flux of seasons and emotions so real and vital to this handful of people, in and out among their struggles, creeps, dances, and even soars the eternal theme of human groping. Miss Lehmann sings of their quest. Sometimes the song wavers uncertainly, drowned in the plain voices of tangible reality. Then again, at moments, it comes out full-throatedly, to fill the pages with that hope which, common to all of us, rising or ebbing, dashed or realized, is the axis of our lives. In *Dusty Answer,* the song of human questing came tentatively from the first flush of grief. Now, in the second novel, it has more authority. When Grace Fairfax says good-bye to Hugh mustering the pluck to accept her hopeless situation and the knowledge that at least she has won for herself a dream life; when Pansy, the tiny tart, tries to take Hugh from his boisterous friends at the fair grounds and failing, throws away the candy he gave her, and goes off with an old man, still proudly cherishing her faith in Hugh; when Norah stifles her misery and calms her petulant husband into peace—at these taut moments in their lives, the three women have learned an alchemy by which to transmute life's leaden metal into at least a glimmering of gold. That alchemy is the only answer to their quest. Miss Lehmann unerringly lights up flecks of beauty in a gray, weary setting. In the rhythm of her writing and in its fluidity, she expresses, to a high degree, what is most nebulous, yet most true about people: their hope, their groping, and their compromise. *A Note in Music* has an instinctive, rending melody.

FROM Germany, somewhat woodenly translated, comes Hermann Sudermann's last novel, *The Dance of Youth* (Horace Liveright, $2.50). This particular dance of youth is intended to express a post-war attitude on the part of the growing female toward love. According to Herr Sudermann a whole new philosophy has sprung into being. In a speech like Figaro's rebellious declamations, the modern girl voices her *credo.* "What really matters is that one should live one's life. And one can, these days. Oughtn't we to rejoice that we need no longer let our faculties wither unused; that nothing human need remain foreign to us; that we can try out all things, today in one direction, tomorrow in another, but always and always on ourselves? These are delights which nothing else on earth can come near. Compared with them, virtue is chaff in the wind. . . . Life's a fine thing, if you know how to live it." Thus speaks Gudrun, the successful modernist, who joins her shouts to those of all young women everywhere who apparently find, today, as deep a happiness in explaining their desires as other women in other phases of history have found in mutely satisfying them. The sixteen-year-old leader of this dance of Sudermann's, nicknamed Stumpy for her short, round legs, entangles herself with three men and then disentangles herself from two of them, before she reaches seventeen. The first of the three means real love and he is the one who gets it. The second, a dentist for whom Stumpy works, means passion and grabs it in the darkness of his X-ray room. The third means business and fails utterly. Through the maze of these relationships, Stumpy, the naïve daughter of a Berlin confectioner, maintains an amazing spiritual purity. Even the influence of her worldly sister and brother, both out for what juicy fruits they can cull, does not fundamentally change her simple outlook. The things Herr Sudermann makes her do, the places he takes her to, and the emotions he ascribes, to her seem as remote as the pumpkins and the mice and the glass slippers of Cinderella's paraphernalia and far less palatable. No matter what he puts upon his chubby flapper, she remains, in your mind, an ordinary little girl who is more likely to have dreamed the incidents of the story than to have experienced them. This dance of youth may tally with the blare of the saxophone and the rattle of the drums. But it does not seem to tally with the rhythm of youth's inner cry.

JENNY *Heysten's Career,* translated from the Dutch of Jo Van Ammers Küller (E. P. Dutton & Co., $2.50), tells the love story of a young aristocrat brought up in the rigorous, quiet convention of The Hague with a girl who escaped from the run-down respectability of her family to go on the stage. Nick had loved Jenny before she made the madcap gesture, had sought to dissuade her from it, had broken his secret engagement to her when she wrote him to apologize for the advances of her manager. Shocked, jealous, in a fury of righteousness, he had gone off to do hospital work in Vienna, during the War. Three years later, on his first night at home, he found Jenny advertised in a play and went to see her. Believing that he had shed his intolerance in his bright dissipations abroad, finding himself as much in love as ever with this winsome creature whom he watched across the footlights while she played the part of a fashionable maiden, he made a *rendezvous* to meet her. Jenny, who knew Nick's pride and his prejudices too well, rigged herself up in modest splendor and went to him with downcast eyes and blushes. She dodged his questions about her life. She did not tell him of her affair nor of her debts. She cuddled close to him, cajoled him to tenderness, half playing her part and half believing it, and soon they were engaged again. Their efforts to readjust, he to her shoddy, cynical surroundings and she to his lofty code, make the psychological stuff of the story. It is an even struggle between two people for whom love ought to be quite simple, but grows steadily more complex. Jenny cannot drown her awakened instinct for dramatizing herself. Nick cannot drown his disgust for the stage. The impasse, clearly defined and convincingly built up, reflects upon the temper of the Dutch, their fear of being shaken out of the rut of security. You feel impatient, throughout the book, with the young

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **Murder from the Grave,** by Will Levinrew: McBride.

Novel: **A Note in Music,** by Rosamund Lehmann: Holt.

Biography: **William Howard Taft,** by Herbert S. Duffy: Minton, Balch.

Miscellaneous: **The Rake and the Hussy,** by Robert W. Chambers: Appleton.

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man's rigidity and with the young woman's melting fluctuations. *Jenny Heysten's Career* does not reach the sources of your emotion. It simply detains your mind with the accurate, cool phlegm which under-lies the heady longings it describes. It is not a plastic book; it is precise and chiseled.

More and more, now, writers of novels bend themselves to the task of making from frustration the crucial conflict of their stories. The will of God, that unseen providence, which used to be held responsible for the havoc in human relations has gone the way of totems and taboos. Havoc, it is now believed, leaps from the tumult within us to destroy harmony. We are confined and doomed by our own natures whose jagged edges and sharp barriers rise up against each other. So, in her first novel, *Bid Her Awake* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.00), Mary Grigs follows this trend, explaining the outside through the in. Two sisters, left alone by the sudden death of their parents, buy a house in Chelsea and take lodgers. Alix, the older, has always overshadowed Susan with a wayward beauty and an easy charm. Susan has given in to her caprices since infancy. Now, freed by a less narrow life in London, Susan gently flowers, gently slips into loving a gay artist named Oliver. Unconsciously, the link of her dependence on Alix is severed. The sisters stand equal. But Susan's maturing to self-possession challenges Alix to a rivalry she has never dreamed of feeling. To convince herself of her own power, with malice rather than with desire, she plays her beauty for Oliver. The whole conflict, the whole *chiaroscuro,* the crux of the book lies in these two characters inescapably set against each other. The implications are not so tragic as they are ironic. Susan and Alix have youth and resiliency to face the taut crises of their lives. You feel, at the end, that it does not matter so much what becomes of either one, Alix, the sharp salamander, or Susan, with her unprotected sensitivity. What matters, importantly, to both the writer and the reader, is the fact that each human being is barricaded behind stone walls, helpless to come out, helpless to reach over another's fortifications. This tart truth distinguishes *Bid Her Awake* from the herd of tenuous tales in which you so often feel that the frustrations are merely hurdles set up by the author to show off the technique of the jump. The book, with its pleasantly decorated backdrop of places and personalities, has a certain trenchant substance.

The reclothing of a period in history lures many a writer into the windless waters of description. There, often, they are becalmed. No wind of invention comes to belly out their sails. They rest inert upon too tranquil a sea. No matter how much work has gone into the preparation of each tale, no matter how truly they may be stirred by the import of what they are describing, most of them seem to stand motionless, hull-down against a horizon of bright words. This seems to have been the fate of Daphne Muir in *Pied Piper* (Henry Holt & Co., $2.50) where she has written a story of the Children's Crusade in the twelfth century. Out of the fanaticism and the blindness of the Middle Ages came the phenomenon, from France and Germany, of thousands of children who set forth on foot to free the Holy Land from the infidels. They had no idea where they were going or how they would get there. Their migrations were inspired by the mad preachings of a shepherd boy, by the sly cunning of an ambitious parent who roused his son for his own ends, by the surcharged atmosphere of the whole continent where rumor ran from village to village that Jerusalem was being defiled. Thus it happened that Stephen, a French peasant boy with visions, kindled a whole army of tiny followers whom he led to Marseilles where he prophesied that the Mediterranean would cleave apart to make way for his army of salvation. Those of the children who did not die or fall victims to infamy along the route arrived at the harbor of Marseilles to find the sea impassive before their prayers. Two merchants volunteered to transport them in a fleet but when the ships passed Corsica these men sold their young freight to pirates for salve trade in the East. At the same time, from Germany, another band of children set out across the Alps, through Italy, down to the sea. None of them got beyond Italy, save Charla, the daughter of a baron who, dressed as a boy, had led the army through famine and death because, being level headed, they forced the leadership upon her. Deserted in Brindisi, Charla took a ship for Cyprus. On the voyage her ship was snared by the same pirates who captured the other band of children. Charla and Stephen, now prisoners and soon to be slaves, met on the deck of a pirate craft. Their purchase by an oriental prince, their desert wanderings, and their strange relationship carries them far from the goal they had imagined. The Children's Crusade was like the annual migration of white butterflies to the sea which is often told as an instance of collective suicide. As you read *Pied Piper,* you see these fluttering hordes driven by instinct toward their inevitable destruction and you feel, in the author's tenuous descriptions, the same remote poetic sadness that you might feel watching the butterflies on their way to death. The book, while gracefully balanced, lies motionless.

In the cemetery of a Russian town in 1925 a young student, standing on the freshly piled earth of a grave, addresses his fellow Communists thus: "Can't you see that, by covering ourselves with the cloak of a materialistic conception of the world, we have brought the inexhaustible richness of individual experience down to the low level of merely satisfying physical desire? . . . . The purpose of our morals is to help the revolution, to help and promote Communism; what helps the revolution—is moral; what hinders it—is immoral and should not be tolerated." This is the *cri du coeur* of Mr. Goomilevsky in *Dog Lane* (Vanguard Press, $2.00) where he analyzes, in detail, the psychology which led up to the notorious murder of a girl student by a professor of biology, under the recent regime in Russia. Horohorin, a prominent youth at the town university whose formula for existence is not to recognize love as an emotion more complicated than hunger or thirst, finds himself, after a time of sexual laxity, enmeshed in an all absorbing passion for the greed-eyed chameleon beauty, gay lover of many men, named Vera. He has seen the ruin of a brilliant professor on account of this girl take place before his eyes. He knows the disintegration which can occur. Still vociferating against it, calling it bourgeois sentimentality, seeking to drown it in an affair with an adolescent factory hand and with a street-walker, he none the less falls victim to it. His "mental balance" for which he has fought all his life gives way. On the brink of madness, he calls upon Vera to possess her once more. There in her room, by the unfathomable coincidence of fate, Vera dies that afternoon. Who actually killed her and why, eventually becomes clear. It is upon her grave that the young Communist exhorts his fellows to grasp the true meaning of love and to live by it. He ends his speech with a

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challenge: "Comrades! There is work for the living!" These words seem to be the challenge of the book itself. If the Russian revolution is destined truly to free people from a yoke of slovenly hypocrisy, if it is to give women an equal chance for honor and children the scope by which they may grow worthy of the future, then the youth of the country must stand united in a spiritual understanding of life. For the sake of Russia, for the sake of their cause, they must escape from the slough of indulgence into which, according to Mr. Goomilevsky, they have let themselves slip. *Dog Lane,* besides being a true statement of human psychology, has the dignity of a vital implication.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Behind the Blurbs

WE'RE tired of these tales of detectives, of fingerprints, pistols, and such. And chasing down clues simply gives us the blues; they no longer appeal to us much. We are weary of knifings and knoutings. We're fed up with slaughter and gore. We want a vacation from crime and sensation; we don't want to read any more. So we're going home and have a good long evening with the Elsie books. ♣ ♣ ♣ But first we must tell you what inspired this lyric burst. There's f'rinstance *The White Devil*[1], a Spanish tale of adventure, in which Pedro Gomez, clerk in a Barcelona underwear firm, is sent to China to find one of the firm's Chinese customers who has disappeared, and there becomes the lover of a Chinese girl bandit and general of an army of brigands. But not by honesty and industry and painstaking attention to copy book maxims does he achieve power. He becomes completely ruthless, flogs and murders friends and enemies as occasion serves, and thus gives us a gory and exciting tale. ♣ ♣ ♣ There is blood, too, in Robert Chambers' latest, *The Rake and the Hussy*[2]. But Mr. C. knows his Injuns, and when he writes of them we lend a willing eye. This story has to do with the adventures of Joshua Brooke, who at the outbreak of the War of 1812 escaped from England with a girl and some important dispatches. With Andrew Jackson on one side and the girl on the other he fights and defeats English and Indians, and though the book is too long, and written in Mr. C.'s later rather unrestrained manner, we liked it better than any other stories of his that we have read in the last decade. ♣ ♣ ♣ J. C. Snaith's *The Unforseen*[3] is an interesting and well written story of the trial of David Oxley, "the luckiest, brightest and most popular man in England," for the murder of Juan Fernandez (not the gent the island was named after), the husband of the girl David loves. David thinks the lady did it, so he assumes the burden of guilt, but Scantlebury Knox, famous advocate known as "the Murderer's Friend," gets him off in the end. ♣ ♣ ♣ This dept. likes Robert J. Casey's stuff, and recommends highly his new one, *The Secret of the Bungalow*[4]. Cletus Howard's body is found pretty well incinerated in the ruins of a house which he sometimes occupies.

Illustration by Edgar Parin D'Aulaire in Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "Rama, The Hero of India" (Dutton)

Cletus was rather a bad egg, and what with vengeful rival racketeers and jealous lady friends, it was no wonder he was bumped off. But was he? Sands, free lance assistant to the police, does some investigating and begins to think not, even before the dentist was murdered. The end won't surprise you too much, but you'll like it. There's good humorous characterization and plenty of snappy back talk, too. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Saranoff Murder*[5] concerns the slaying of a movie actress in her palatial Hollywood château. Maybe her lover, Count Tialdi, did it. Maybe 'twas her rival for the Count's love, the beauteous Mauboussin. You know and I know that 'twasn't either of them, but if you're sufficiently curious to continue this very average puzzler, you'll find the answer. The characters are all made out of well-seasoned pine, on traditional patterns. ♣ ♣ ♣ We felt little interest in the slow, cold, upright and scholarly *Robert Peckham*[6], hero of Maurice Baring's latest book. Against a background of the England of Henry VIII and Elizabeth he palely loves the lady he didn't marry and clings to the Catholic faith, and when he dies we are not perturbed. This distinguished author, whose books we always look forward to, tends always to become somewhat arid and emotionless, and in this book that tendency, if we may say so, is in the ascendancy. ♣ ♣ ♣ Not specially good is *I Like a Good Murder*[7], but it will keep your mind off the business depression for a couple of hours. There were quite a number of people who might have stabbed Read in the back room of that Bloomsbury tea room and the suspicion of the amateur dick, Dr. Middleton, hovers over Keith, Molly, Craddock, Alison, Celia and several others in turn. The fault of the story is that in the case of the real murderer a motive is lacking until the denouement is practically upon you, so you have no fair chance of guess. ♣ ♣ ♣ Hating him and coveting his money, some one of the eight relatives of Rodney Borger tries to poison him at a dinner he gives them in his home. Dying soon after from an incurable disease, he retaliates by making a will, dripping with warnings and threats, in which he leaves them his house and fortune on condition that they all live there together. Forty-eight hours after the reading of the will seven of these heirs are poisoned, though they are in their own homes, widely separated. (All this in *Murder From the Grave*[8].) And then in steps our old friend Prof. Brierly, while the police of two states are chasing each other about without result, and solves the mystery in a very thorough and ingenious way. Good story and well worked out plot. ♣ ♣ ♣ You have a seat in the courtroom in an interesting trial in *The Case of Anne Bickerton*[9], with the option of believing that lady, Rose Dorling or James Hackett guilty of the administration to Mrs. Hackett of weed killer in a cup of tea. Excellent characterization and well maintained suspense give this tale an A plus rating, even though it's the old story of the weakness of even the most conclusive circumstantial evidence.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By Luis Oteyza: Stokes, $2.00.
2. Appleton, $2.50.
3. Appleton, $2.50.
4. Bobbs Merrill, $2.00.
5. By Mark Lee Luther & Lillian Ford: Bobbs Merrill, $2.00.
6. Knopf, $2.50.
7. By Marcus Magill: Lippincott, $2.00.
8. By Will Levinrew: McBride, $2.00.
9. By S. Fowler Wright: A. &. C. Boni, $2.00.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton, Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Reviewed July 2.

Parties, by Carl Van Vechten: Knopf. Life in New York through an alcoholic haze. Reviewed August 20.

The Young and Secret, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Charming, light romance in London setting. Reviewed July 2.

Seed, by Charles G. Norris: Doubleday, Doran. Will be reviewed next week.

Exit, by Harold Bell Wright: Appleton. Admirers of Mr. Wright will probably like this one. Reviewed August 13.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

Roosevelt, by Owen Wister: Macmillan. Entertaining portrait of the President, as revealed in fifty years of intimate association.

Lone Cowboy, by Will James: Scribner. A stimulating tale of varied adventures in the cow country; particularly noteworthy for its descriptions of horses. Reviewed August 20.

The Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Company. A volume of overwhelming revelation. Reviewed August 27.

Humanity Uprooted, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith. A faithful and consistent account of contemporary Russia and its people. Reviewed November 20.

Magazine Articles Recommended

American Citizens in Foreign Armies, by Carl L. Meyer. American Mercury, September.

In reference to "the position of Americans descended from American stock," writes Mr. Meyer, "or from parents whose country of origin does not exact military service, that there may be and, in fact, is a possibility that they may be required to serve under foreign flags may not be generally known. There are at present no less than five treaties between the United States and other Powers under which any able-bodied American, naturalized or native born, traveling or residing in the countries signatory, may be enlisted to serve in their armies or navies. It is interesting to speculate as to what attitude the government would take if international difficulties should involve this country in the affairs of Europe because of these treaties."

Europe as a Market, by Francis P. Miller and H. D. Hill. Atlantic Monthly, September.

At least 64 subsidiaries of American companies had set up their own establishments in Germany by January 1, 1930.

"The arguments for and against American branch plants, are both based on the assumption that it is going to be permanently possible to maintain America's relative prosperity as compared with other nations. The balance of international payments between Europe and the United States conceived of by the average business man as ideal is one in which the United States should receive the principal and interest of the war debts, the principal and interest of the post-war public and private loans, royalties on all American patents used abroad, and prompt payment for an increasing total of American exports, while preserving the American market as nearly as possible for American goods by means of an increasingly high tariff. Unfortunately that is not a balance. At some point or other, in the course of the next years, it will have to be made a balance." The authors conclude: "America cannot sell abroad if she doesn't buy abroad: foreign countries cannot pay for American goods unless they can dispose of their own. It seems highly probable that within the next few years America may discover that, for a country at her present stage of economic development, protection and prosperity do not necessarily go together."

Housing in European Cities

As Seen in Recent Books

TWO distinct schools of thought are to be discovered by one who reads the voluminous current propagandist literature on the subject of housing the working people in European cities, or by one who, after seeing samples of houses built by the cities or with financial aid from the government, goes further and questions cabinet officials, municipal health and housing authorities, statesmen and politicians, propagandists and critics.

The one school, economically orthodox and politically conservative, explains and defends the collectivist building programs of recent years as a regrettable but unavoidable consequence of the War, or perhaps rather, of the collapse of the currencies after the War; as a temporary policy suitable for an emergency, to overcome the shortage of dwellings due to the fact that during and immediately after the War no houses were built. It is undoubtedly the large fact that there was such a shortage even in neutral countries. Populations were reduced in some countries, but the number of households was not. The speedy increase in marriages after the War emphasized the shortage, for it is the number of households, not the mere number of persons in the population, which is the decisive factor in determining the number of dwellings required to house the population.

This school of thought is very strongly represented in the County and Borough Councils of England, which have done most of the building in that country, and in the Ministry of Health, which is responsible for the general policy of subsidies or other forms of financial aid from the national exchequer. It is to be found also on the continent. It leads to the tentative fixing of future dates—two years, five years, ten years ahead—when it is hoped the shortage will be overcome, and when therefore both local and national governments may gracefully retire from these activities—which, however vigorously they have been prosecuted, were, so it is maintained, forced upon them by emergencies with which private enterprise could not cope.

The other school of thought, politically progressive and in economics open-minded as to the faults of both capitalism and socialism, resolutely faces the possibility that the time may have come for housing to be classed with elementary education and public health as requiring special treatment in the public interest. The argument runs that in all civilized countries we have now become convinced that the common interest requires that the whole population shall be housed in sanitary, decent, and safe dwellings, just as we became convinced long ago that the common interest demands that all citizens shall have a common-school education and—perhaps a quarter century ago—that preventable disease, not merely contagious diseases, shall be prevented. The earnings of wage-earners however do not, in industrial cities at any rate, suffice to pay the rent for such dwellings, for homes corresponding to the standard demanded by common consent. Even if, in exceptional circumstances, the income earned by several wage-earners in a family does become sufficient to cover this expense, there are other things for which the wage-earners would rather spend their surplus—food, clothing, radios, entertainment, travel, education—things which from the point of view of the individual wage-earner and consumer may be more desirable, but which from the social point of view are not so essential as a commodious and comfortable and wholly sanitary dwelling. Very well then, say the exponents of this school: if the public interest demands this, and the family income is not enough to pay for it, we must simply transfer any necessary part of the cost to the public, as we have already done in the case of many other socially desirable features of modern civilization, such as schools, public health, parks, streets.

Private enterprise has largely abandoned the field of building houses to rent to working-men in European cities. The one view is that this is the result of unfair competition of municipal building and subsidies by government to limited liability companies, organized not for profit but for the public good. It is at least conceivable that this view, held all but universally in America, will have to give way to that of the opposite school, which is that the government has come in because in this instance private enterprise, *i. e.* capitalism for profit, failed; and that, having come in, collectivist action will remain indefinitely; that hereafter decent housing is to be assured for all—not a dark and poorly ventilated tenement, not a cheap and ugly, speculatively built house, but a home which corresponds to an enlightened standard of living as this is understood in the twentieth century.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

TRAVELING salesmen, small town chippies, the Salvation Army and a roadhouse singer who joins the tambourine thumpers but can't quite keep her religion and her sex from getting mixed up are the chief characters in *Torch Song,* by Kenyon Nicholson, which Arthur Hopkins has chosen as his first production of the year. The theme —that holy and carnal passions are closely related and on occasion dangerously so—is not a novel one and Mr. Nicholson has nothing new to say about it, but somehow the performance has sufficient sincerity and truth to it to make the play decidedly worth seeing.

As usual in an Arthur Hopkins production the settings, by Cleon Throckmorton, are in the best of taste and once again the producer has discovered a couple of relatively unknown performers, Guy Kibbee and Dennie Moore, who run off with the show much as Hope Williams did with *Paris Bound* and Monroe Owsley with *Holiday.* The old Hopkins second act ending is again made to serve, too. You remember: the ironical musical one that was the climax of *Burlesque, Holiday,* and *Rebound.* However, it has now become a matter for speculation as to how many more times it can be used effectively. The law of diminishing returns is clearly at work.

Considering that little or no direction is apparent, the acting is on a high plane. Mayo Methot plays the girl who sings the torch song of the title in the roadhouse and who goes religious when her traveling salesman lover jilts her and plays it with great convincingness. Reed Brown, Jr., as the lover, I thought gave the most complete characterization of those playing straight parts. But I must confess that it was Guy Kibbee who pleased me the most. Not since the famous line of the policeman in *Strictly Dishonorable* have I heard a speech delivered with the feeling that Mr. Kibbee imparts to his refusal to partake of the hair of the dog on the morning after. Nothing could make me spoil it for you by quoting it.

Something very different again is *The Ninth Guest,* from the prolific pen of Owen Davis. Starting with a highly improbable but undeniably dramatic and exciting situation, the author embellishes it with such stilted and unnatural dialogue and lays on the melodrama so thick that he eventually has the audience pretty consistently laughing in all the wrong places. Eight people—five men and three women—have been invited by telegram to a penthouse apartment by an anonymous host who promises them the most original party they have ever attended. Of course, the eight persons all have very good reasons for hating one another, but there is nothing to do about it when a voice on the radio announces that it is their host and that they are about to play a game with him, the stakes of which are death. The only door to the apartment has been electrified with a current of death-dealing strength and the host promises them that they will all die before dawn—each on account of his or her greatest failing, with which the gentleman who is giving the party is perfectly familiar. The only trouble is that after the first three or four of them are killed you just don't care and the whole thing becames ludicrous. As a matter of fact, I never did care very much, probably because I'm not a good mixer and Mr. Davis introduced me to eight perfect strangers practically all at once. By the time he was through with his labored and tortuous exposition of what they all were to each other they were nothing at all to me.

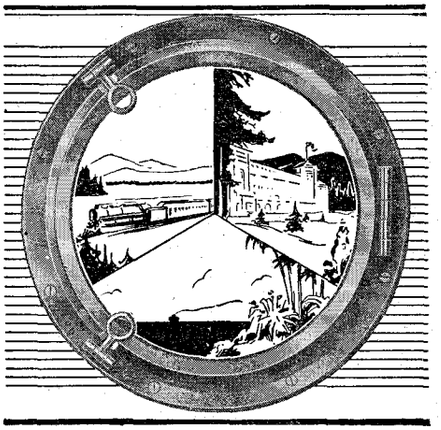
Yet *The Ninth Guest* will certainly be filmed and I, for one, would seriously like to ask why it had to be a "legitimate." play at all. The camera would permit a much needed variety of scene and all the killings could be made more effective through focusing on them.

Anyway, there ought to be some way of keeping such *opera* as *The Ninth Guest* in the movies where it belongs and leaving the stage free for plays in which sublety of treatment, on the part of both author and actors, is essential.

Guide to Current Plays

The First Mrs. Fraser: St. John Ervine's rewriting of the one about the woman who gets her man back.
The Green Pastures: Beautiful play presenting episodes in the Bible through simple Negro eyes.
Ladies All: Diverting and disarming treatment of a theme which less expertly handled would certainly be dirty.
Journey's End: Revival of the moving English war play with a cast I have not seen.
The Last Mile: Gruesome but sincere and thrilling.
Lysistrata: Blanche Yurka now has the part of the lady with the scheme to end wars.
Strictly Dishonorable: Seduction in the most light and charming manner.
Topaze: By all means see this and be pleasantly reminded that politicians are alike the world over. This time it's France.
Earl Carroll's Vanities: The apotheosis of vulgar ostentation.
Flying High: Very funny and quite rough with Bert Lahr and a De Sylva, Brown and Henderson score.
Garrick Gaieties: Intimate revue lacking in personalities but with some good tunes and apt satirical sketches.
Hot Rhythm: Conventional Negro revue.
Young Sinners: Cheap as the dirt which it is.
Dancing Partner: Not Mr. Belasco at his best. It's a comedy from the Hungarian.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Abraham Lincoln"

HOW it would have been possible to do a film of Lincoln's life without being self-conscious and perpetually aware that you were dealing with your audience's greatest national heroic figure, I do not know, but the fact is that D. W. Griffith's first all-talking film, *Abraham Lincoln* somehow lacks warmth and life. And this in spite of a continuous effort to bring out Lincoln's "human" side. Certainly Walter Huston's Lincoln is no plaster saint, nor is he stiff or formal. Mr. Huston's performance is, in fact, the finest thing about the film.

Stephen Vincent Benet who did the adaptation and dialogue, follows somewhat his monumental narrative poem *John Brown's Body*—so that the lines are dignified, literate and frequently quite good. The reason, then, that the film as a whole seems to lack warmth is that it is episodic to an extreme degree, and that the producer seems to have been permanently thunderstruck with the sanctity of his subject. The film opens on a slave ship (before Lincoln's birth) on which black men (singing spirituals in English) are being brought to America. We then go to the log cabin where Lincoln was born, and from there to a rail-splitting scene at which Ann Rutledge (Una Merkel), dressed in beautiful, billowing crinolines, is sitting on a wood-pile reading him lessons out of a law book. After this romantic interlude, however, he becomes the shambling, laconic country lawyer we have read about. Incidents from his life come to us as single, unconnected anecdotes. No doubt they are for the most part accurate, and this is what I mean when I say that Mr. Griffith has probably done as well as possible with his material. Had Griffith invented a number of connecting incidents, he would have been criticized on all sides.

But, for all its jerkiness and lack of dramatic continuity, the Messrs. Benet, Griffith and Huston—chiefly Mr. Huston—have achieved many charming and engrossing scenes. Never has Lincoln appeared on the screen with such ease and naturalness. For isolated moments he stands before you—tells an anecdote—takes a scolding from his shrewish wife—or assumes some characteristic pose—and you feel you are about to understand the man. Then he begins gazing in a starry-eyed fashion at the picture moulding, like Joan of Arc seeing visions, and you are reminded of your reverence for the great man.

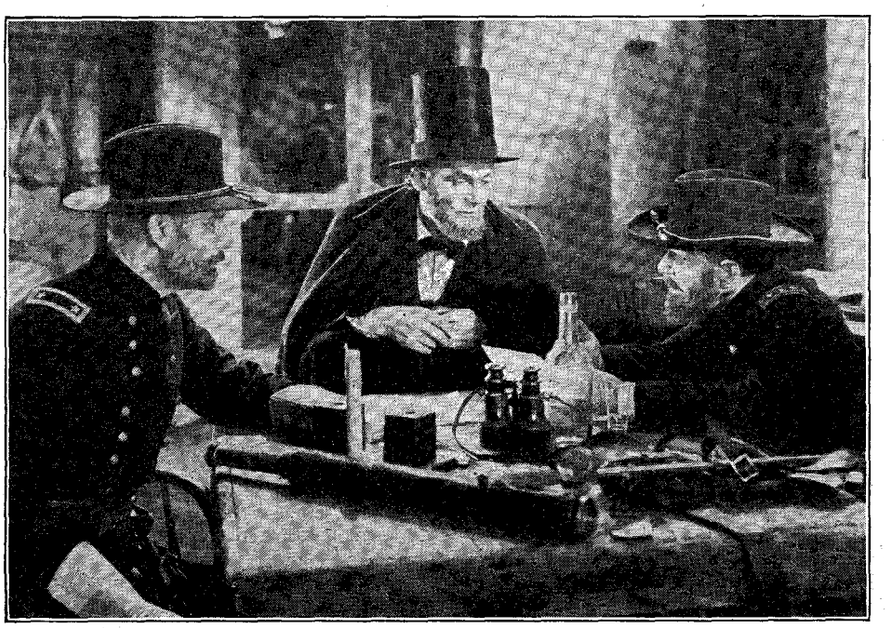
Some scenes are going to set the W.C.T.U. to snipping censoring shears—those in which he lifts the whiskey keg off the floor and drinks out of the bung—and another in which he tells of having talked to some prohibitionists. These people were complaining of General Grant's drinking—when Lincoln replied that he wished his *other* generals would drink barrels of the same brand of whiskey.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: Remarque's book made into a stunning indictment of war. Directed by Lewis Milestone.
The Big House: Dramatic doings in a penitentiary with machine guns, tanks and Wallace Beery.
Grumpy: A nice, tidy British comedy with Cyril Maude giving as good a performance as usual.
Hell's Angels: Four million dollars worth of aerial photography, some of it quite exciting, surrounded by a lot of ham plot and acting.
Holiday: Ann Harding in a well-written and intelligent comedy. A good deal of a novelty.
Journey's End: An excellent film of the British war play.
Moby Dick: John Barrymore in a talking version of his old film "The Sea Beast."
Old English: George Arliss in a film transcript of the Galsworthy play which he has done on the stage for many years. An almost exact reproduction.
Romance: Greta Garbo's second talkie—Doris Keane's old stage play. Garbo is a finer actress this time but her play is out of date.

Not So Good

Common Clay: Cheap, servant-girl trash . . . disregarding this department's warning some seven hundred thousand New Yorkers, mostly women, paid to see it last month.



SHERMAN, LINCOLN AND GRANT
Clarence Geldert, Walter Huston and E. Alyn Warren in D. W. Griffith's film of Abraham Lincoln's life

D. W. Griffith, Alchemist

Looking over the records of the vast sums coined by Mr. Griffith's films between 1908 and 1928 (as printed in Variety), it is easy to understand why he has had so many imitators—and why so many people not originally dramatic or literary producers, turned to the movie racket as a swell means of getting rich quickly and repeatedly. For example: The *Birth of a Nation* cost (fifteen years ago) $110,000, and grossed $10,000,000; *Way Down East* cost $635,000 and grossed $7,500,000, while *Orphans of the Storm* cost $760,000 and brought in $2,000,000. Do you wonder that a lot of gentlemen with a little ready cash and no literary or dramatic background invested in the film racket? Every producer, with every film, hopes to repeat Griffith's "luck." The trouble is there are very few Griffiths—and that there are other elements in making cash than mere "luck."

Our Mary's Next Film

From trade papers comes the news that Mary Pickford will soon be seen in a talking film of *Kiki*, the story which will, of course, have to be sent to the dry cleaners before Miss Pickford touches it. Earnest Hemmingway has described *Kiki* as "a girl who had never slept in her own bed." Taking the cue from this masterly bit of casting, this department suggests the following:

Janet Gaynor as *Mother Godamn*. Greta Garbo as *Peter Pan*. Clive Brook as the *Hairy Ape*. William Haines as *Grumpy*, Clara Bow as *Lady Macbeth*.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Lost at Sea

THE Captain of the fishing schooner stood on deck and stared into the fog. His eyes and heart were filled with fog and blindness, fog and melancholy, fog and a slow, sad decision. For he was deciding to abandon both his conscience and a lone fisherman lost and invisible somewhere on this sea. At the same moment he was struggling not to look at what he was doing and to picture the woe proper to the occasion. When he spoke his voice was thick and troubled:

"I'd ruther do anythin' else, mates, but I don't see nothin' fur it. Put her under sail, or there'll be no pint in gettin' home. The fog—" he spoke regretfully—"the fog is turrible."

The first mate, who was a great rough burly fellow and felt that the catch could be no worse for reaching port, screwed up his mouth and eyes with an effect of anguished resolution. "It ain't no use in lookin' fur'rer then you got eyes to see," he said, biting off each word as though it cost him pain.

Whereupon the second mate found courage to clear his throat, which was long and stringy and adorned only with an active Adam's apple. He spoke up in a thin and trailing voice. "Seems like," he said uncertainly, "seems like I caught a streak o' suthin' movin'. Outaways." And it did seem as though his eyes, blue as china and unblinking, could stare further than the others into that opaque wall of secrecy. But before the other two could shift their startled gaze, he continued: "Leastways, I thought I did, afore we put her starboard. An' it turned out like I hadn't—" his voice went on a while, but no words with it.

The Captain interrupted, finally, in low, choked tones. "No man c'n live long in a open dory. His rations must a' give out some spell back. He's maybe—"

"Gone. Down," finished the first mate tensely.

"A ole man like him," whispered the second mate, "he can't of lasted long." He moved his china stare from face to face, with no expression save an empty wonder. In the pause, a youngish looking fellow with a round frightened face lifted his voice.

"He was a year of fifty," he offered clearly, "Gone last May." But at the Captain's look he stopped abruptly and hurried below.

"All hands on deck!" bellowed the Captain, "Didn't I say run up the jib?"

And so they ran up the jib and shook out the mainsail and through the greenish fog they gathered headway slowly for port.

The next morning a fresh wind came from out the East and blew upon the fog and cleared their eyes, and in front of them only a few miles distant they could see the harbor. But the Captain's heart was heavy still with the encouraged surge and drip of melancholy. It was not only that he had lost one of his best fishermen—"Lost at sea," he kept muttering to himself, gazing behind him at the shining stretch of blue water, and in front of him at the busy harbor. It was not only the forced abandonment of an old friend to the deep—"In the end, we all go down," he said to himself solemnly. No, the thought that troubled his hand and interrupted his walk, was his self-appointed, his God-given duty to inform the family. To his sorrow was added a touch of ague. He looked about the schooner and lifted his hand. It always steadied him to give an order.

"Flag at half mast," he commanded sternly; adding as an afterthought, "In honor o' the dead." He felt a little better after that, and indeed he needed all the heart he could muster to rig himself in his shore clothes and step ashore when they had tied up to the fishing pier.

To those who spoke he nodded gloomily, shaking his head to all who questioned him until he should have visited the bereaved. But at the last moment his knees failed him. A telephone, he argued, would be quicker and easier (for the family) to bear. He stepped into a handy drugstore and found a booth. He repeated the number slowly and carefully, as he had memorized it.

A voice at once fierce and belligerent answered him. The Captain clicked for Central. "You give me the wrong number," he remarked coldly.

"Oh no she ain't!" shouted the hoarse voice in some excitement. "What sort of a blankety blank seagoing blank of a blank do you call yourself? A-leaving a man in a open dory, thutty-five miles off shore—an' no food—on'y a leg o' mutton sail an' a pair o' oars—"

They knew it then, before him. Could the dory with its sad freight have drifted in with such speed? The Captain answered in a frightful calm. "This is the Captain of your father's boat. I have a sad report to make—"

But once again the hoarse voice interrupted.

"This here's the skipper, hey? Well, this here—is the corpse!"

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Students and Soldiers In Peru

(Continued from Page 51)

to his country's reception of it, but hoping that wisdom might prevail over sentimental patriotism. His popularity, already damaged, was wrecked, probably, by the Tacna-Arica settlement. The revolution seems to plan to reopen it, although wisdom would seem to counsel leaving it alone, with the onus still on President Leguia. If the issue is reopened, it might well lead to a South American war of major proportions, for Chile is no more pleased with the settlement than is Peru, from the sentimental angle, and the highly trained army of Chile would use a good war to advantage. Bolivia, never content to be isolated from the sea, could, and probably would, join with Chile—with the Peruvian port of Mollendo as her promised spoils. Wise heads are needed in Peru today. In Leguia's fiery revolutionary days they were there, and at the moment of his triumph the old aristocrats went firmly to tell him what and how to govern. Those old conservatives are still the hope of the friends of Peru in the present crisis, but as yet they seem to be waiting behind the solid, noisy ranks of the students and the triumphant army.

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In This Issue

RAY T. TUCKER is the Washington correspondent of the New York *Telegram* and a regular contributor to the Outlook and Independent.

WILLIAM R. DRAPER is a resident of Kansas City and has spent a great deal of time in the Ozark country. Mr. Draper is also a frequent contributor to the magazines.

ALEC WAUGH is a well-known English writer. He is the author of several books, including *Hot Countries*, and *Kept*. His latest volume, *Sir, She Said*, is to be published this fall.

Next Week

Unhappy Warrior, by Robert Cruise McManus.

As chairman of President Hoover's celebrated Law Enforcement Commission, George W. Wickersham occupies an anomalous position. The exigencies of politics being what they are, the job calls for a professional pussyfooter. No wonder Mr. Wickersham has been described as "weaving in and out among the facts," or that the derisive word "Wickershamming" has been coined to describe the activities of the commission. By nature, however, the author asserts, Mr. Wickersham does not fit the evasive rôle he has been called upon to play. He is, rather, a man of forthright convictions, for which, the record shows, he is perfectly willing to fight. Mr. McManus discusses the conflicting loyalties under which the chairman of the commission labors and tells how he came to sit in a chair so full of tacks.

Corralling a Comet, by Archibald Rutledge.

Intelligence tests are all the rage in pedagogical circles these days, Mr. Rutledge declares, and something should be done about it. "They are," he writes, "finger printing our children; cataloguing their minds; pigeonholing their capabilities." Students are graded in Class A, B, C or as morons according to their ability to answer quickly and correctly the most obvious and irrelevant questions. True intelligence, the author feels, is not to be measured in any such pedestrian manner. It is, rather, exceedingly liable to be stifled.

Americamania, by Stoyan Christowe.

Although the opinions of America held by such nations as England, France or Italy are well known here, it is difficult to realize what fantastic notions of the United States prevail in more remote and less developed countries, or to what an extent their inhabitants are moved by these ideas. The return of one native after a stay in the United States, the author declares, was sufficient to disrupt the life of one Macedonian village. Mr. Christowe describes the strange and magnetic influence of America on one Balkan community.

Defending the America's Cup, by William Waldron Swan.

Now that *Enterprise*, skippered by Mr. Harold Vanderbilt, of bridge convention fame, has been selected to defend the America's Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock V*, it is possible to speculate on the outcome of the races to be held off Newport. The author explains the reasons for the committee's selection of *Enterprise* as defender and, in predicting an exceedingly hard struggle, shows why he believes Sir Thomas has a better chance to lift the cup this year than ever before.

Giant Killer

By ARTHUR STRAWN

A DAVID conquering the Goliath of art—that might describe the career of the sculptor, George Grey Barnard, now completing his great war memorial, War and Peace. For more than ten years he has been laboring at the rate of fourteen hours a day on this huge monument which, when completed, will be an arch, a hundred feet high, and will include forty-two figures, life-size and heroic. To be located on an eminence 200 feet above the Hudson River on Upper Manhattan, it will indeed tower, a Goliath among New York's monuments, yet its conception and actual execution in stone is the work of a David among sculptors, a slight little man weighing no more than 130 pounds and but a few inches above five feet in height.

To see the delicate figure of Barnard mounted on a ladder or platform, chisel and mallet in hand, carving out giant figures from the stubborn marble, is to be reminded not only of the famous biblical giant-killer, but perhaps more aptly of those bustling little brownies who in the fairy tales through some magical strength perform prodigious feats out of all proportion to their size.

In many ways Barnard's entire career has been that of a prodigy. Born in Bellefonte, Pa., in 1863, he was taken as an infant by his father, a clergyman, to Illinois. When he was ten years old the future sculptor showed such skillful understanding of the anatomy of animals that he was appointed official taxidermist for the State of Illinois. Later a year of study at the Chicago Art Institute was followed by a course at the Beaux Arts in Paris. His work won the gold medal at the Paris exhibition of 1900. He then returned to this country to become Professor of Sculpture at the Art Students League in New York, at the same time winning numerous important awards at exhibitions.

His famous statue of Lincoln, made twelve years ago to celebrate a hundred years of peace between the United States and England, furnishes an example of the way this dynamic little man works to achieve his heroic sculptures. First he spent two solid years of study among surviving friends of Lincoln and among Lincolnian scholars, scrupulously collecting details of character and appearance. Not until this exacting preliminary work was done did he set himself to the arduous task of chiseling Lincoln's figure out of the marble. As many persons no doubt recall, the finished statue was the center of a terrific controversy. The rugged simplicity of the rendering, the huge feet, bony hands and awkward figure, immediately provoked storms of protest when unveiled by Taft in Cincinnati. Roosevelt called it "the living Lincoln, the one we know and love." But Roosevelt's vigorous taste wasn't universally accepted, and Lincoln's son joined Henry Cabot Lodge and Joseph H. Choate in condemning it as "engrafting on American art the neurotic cult of degenerate art from Europe." The final result was that St. Gaudens' statue went into Westminster Abbey, while Barnard's went to Manchester.

Keystone

GEORGE GREY BARNARD

It is because of another of Barnard's prodigious undertakings that New York today is able to enjoy that rare collection of medieval religious art and architecture known as The Cloisters, located in Upper Manhattan next to Barnard's home and studio. The collection includes statues of saints, angels, goblins, figures of Christ and the Virgin and numerous other Gothic works which Barnard spent years gathering in Southern France, discovering some of the treasures in ruined monasteries and others in the possession of peasants who had used the marble and wood for building material. A Christ he obtained from a chicken house, and other pieces he found in stone fences enclosing fields and even pigsties. It was in this patient manner that Barnard was able to bring together the stones and columns of the

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original "Cuxa Cloister" of St. Michael's Monastery, built in the Twelfth Century, the pieces of which he brought from Europe and set up again in The Cloisters to form the crown jewel of that collection. The collection was given to the public when John D. Rockefeller, Jr., purchased it and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum.

The money Barnard unexpectedly obtained from this vast labor of love has enabled him to work without need of compensation and has made it possible for him to devote fourteen hours a day to his war memorial, the purpose of which is not to glorify the plumed warrior, but to depict the cruel and needless sacrifice war imposes on the mothers of the world.

Although sixty-seven years old last May, Barnard's daily routine would appall most day laborers. He rises every morning at four o'clock and chisels four hours before eating a light breakfast at eight. Then four more hours of work before lunch. The afternoon he spends working from the living model. His one dissipation is an occasional movie, and for the past two years he hasn't ventured farther away from his studio than Fifty-seventh Street. He is quite fastidious about his appearance and changes clothes for tea and dinner. Unlike many sculptors who work in clay and then have the model cast into metal, Barnard chisels all his figures from the stone, never delegating this fatiguing work to others, work exceptionally rigorous for one of Barnard's slight build.

"The ancient sculptors knew what the chisel could do," says Barnard. "They drew on stone with charcoal and cut out the lines with chisels, the long sweeping lines giving architectural effects not attained today. Most modern Americans make a model in clay and then have professional stone workers produce the final work by "pointing up," that is, making a copy in stone by measurements. The result is static, lacking the vital quality of ancient sculpture."

That this "pointing-up" process might save Barnard hours, even years, of hard physical labor is of no significance to him. To this David devoting his life to the accomplishment of prodigious labors in art, a huge block of marble is but another Goliath awaiting conquest.

Faithful Fess

(Continued from Page 45)

approval.' Then I added what was not true, but I wanted to get it across: 'I find the President seems to be greatly displeased with what I have said.' It was all amusing, and while it was getting across the thing I wanted to get across, I did not mean to pay the price for it that I had to pay by having it said that I was rebuked, or that I was censured or reprimanded, for there was no element of that in it whatever."

Though the Senator was subjected to merciless quips and sarcasm for the rest of this sinful afternoon, they fell harmlessly about him. Indeed, he soon clambered to his feet to challenge Senator Couzens' criticism of the ethics of a certain treasury transaction, insisting that he discerned no moral turpitude in the circumstances described by the Senator from Michigan.

"The Senator from Ohio," replied the irritable Couzens, "may have any moral standard he desires. He has confessed on the floor that he did not tell the truth, so that if he has a moral standard of that kind, he can have it. That is not my standard of business morals or any other kind of morals."

Despite Mr. Fess's prevarication, Mr. Coolidge progressed from the presidency to the public prints, and the Senator, as is his wont, picked a place for himself at the feet of another Republican President. The same childish and consuming adoration which he lavished upon Harding, and subsequently upon Coolidge, is now the personal and exclusive property of President Hoover.

Yet it was not always so. There was a time when Mr. Fess entertained a low opinion of his new hero's Americanism, of his Republicanism and even of his ability. Ludicrous as it may seem now, Mr. Fess once opposed a bill to vest post-war relief funds in Mr. Hoover's hands. He argued against his inclusion in the Harding Cabinet and scoffed at the suggestion that he be taken seriously as a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. Had the Senator's views prevailed, Mr. Hoover might now be no more than a private citizen.

In fact, Mr. Fess, being a poor political prophet, was of that goodly company of Old Guardsmen who hailed Mr. Hoover's announcement that he was a Republican as the best joke of the day. Unfortunately, the Senator saw fit to tell how and why. Speaker Longworth simply paused on his way to tea to venture that "It's too unimportant to mention," Vice-President Curtis guffawed, "the more candidates, the merrier," but Mr. Fess, as always, was solemn and sonorous.

"The Republican party," he declared, "cannot accept an internationalist as its standard bearer. It will demand a leader whose Americanism is not in question and whose political views are not a matter for speculation. We cannot go to the country to contest the fallacies of the Wilson Administration with an internationalist attached to that Administration as our leader.

"Hoover must be greatly embarrassed in seeking a nomination at the hands of the party he conspired against with the party's opponents to defeat in 1918. He compliments the Republicans by his unwillingness to stand for the leadership which he said in 1918 was alone the supreme demand. He evidently desires to be with the winner in this race."

Not even when Mr. Hoover let it be known in more convincing manner that he was of the true faith did Mr. Fess welcome the prodigal son. When Harding consulted the Senator on his plan to name Hoover as Secretary of Commerce, and pointed out the good will it would create for the G. O. P. to commandeer the popular savior of Belgium, Fess protested because, as he informed the President, the prospective appointee was temperamentally unfitted to "cooperate." How long this prejudice persisted is not of record, but it is known that the moment Mr. Hoover became the nominee at Kansas City, the Senator confessed that his first impressions had been all wrong.

"Mr. Hoover," he said in retrospect, "became the storehouse of all the specialized knowledge required by the Administration, and all drew on it. I came to know him better through consulting him, and the more I came to know him, the more I came to admire his wonderful and varied attainments."

In view of the Senator's record, it seems incredible that he was carried into Congress in 1913 by the same wave of liberalism which placed Woodrow Wilson, another schoolmaster, in the White House. But there the parallel ends. Whereas Wilson utilized public office to apply intellectual ideals to practical, political affairs, Mr. Fess appears willing to subordinate his academic assets to partisan exigency. There are more fundamental differences, also. To the Senator the search for knowledge is not so much a quest for pure truth as a mere accumulation of facts to bolster beliefs hallowed by tradition and certain preconceived notions. Ohio Northern University, where he studied and taught, envisaged every pupil as a potential preacher, whether his pulpit was to be in a church or in Congress. Three senatorial samples have been Fess, Willis, and Robinson of Indiana. Antioch College, over which the Senator presided from 1907 to 1917, has long preached the doctrine of materialism and utilitarianism, as do Mr. Fess and his associates in the present Administration. Antioch was even then an all-work-and-

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no-play institution, where knowledge that could not be chained to a machine, a desk, a counter or a harvester was held worthless and wasted. Yet even this sort of intellectual equipment the national chairman seems to have checked with the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate or the party's quorum caller.

For these conclusions, harsh though they may seem to those who do not know him, Mr. Fess himself has furnished the evidence. In a physiology textbook written while he was an instructor he reveals that his prohibition prejudices, as well as Anti-Saloon League strength at the university, influenced his instruction of the young, and as a sample of subjugation of a student body it appears to be unique. In a chapter dealing with "narcotics and stimulants," the pedagogue attributes continued consumption of alcohol to "its exhilarating effect at first, its semivigorous effect, the tyranny of social custom, its hereditary effect, the slavery of habit, the influence of false friends, the craving of an insatiable appetite." Though his description of liquor's physical evils is quite Dantesque, he reserves his real eloquence for those passages which warn of its "moral" effect. Obscure though this passage may be in style and grammar, it conveys his meaning. "Alcohol," he says, results in "deterioration of moral element, finer sensibility uprooted, self-respect lost, untruthful, dishonest and thriftless, void of ambition or ennobling aspirations, lost to all things true and a slave to sensuality, a man by birth, a demon by drink."

Thus his attitude toward prohibition has a physiological as well as a political basis. For years he has been a henchman of the Anti-Saloon League, delivering Christian Endeavor and W. C. T. U. addresses gratis while other statesmen were holding out their palms to be crossed. Of the late Wayne B. Wheeler, the drys' lobbyist at the Capital, he once said: "I always liked to ask Wayne Wheeler's advice on any question. He was a man of great intellect and courage and an absolutely square fighter." Yet he will deliver speeches for wets, if they be Republican wets, as he did for ex-Senator Wadsworth of New York in 1926. Though first he welcomed prohibition as an issue in the present struggle, he soon declared that both parties were too infected with the anti-Volstead virus to permit it to play a part in the elections. As usual, sober, second thought led him to amend his original statement, for he recalled that it will be his duty to advocate the election of such wets as Dwight W. Morrow in New Jersey and A. J. Galen in Montana.

Even if his attitude with regard to intellectual and educational ideals were more Socratic, it is doubtful if it would exert any influence on his political life. He apparently cherishes the conviction that politics has no connection with everyday scales of value. It is a remote realm of activity in which customary considerations do not, and should not, prevail. Here again the Senator himself has provided an insight into his mental processes. In defending his own vicious attack upon Mr. Hoover's appeal for a Democratic Congress in 1918, the Senator argued that partisanship and political necessity permit temporary paralysis of all other faculties.

"I was bitterly resentful," he said, "and I attacked it in scathing terms. I was acting and speaking politically, as I was bound to do [he was then chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee]. I believed that Hoover, who was not, like myself, in a position where he was required to speak and act politically, had acted intrusively and without warrant, partisanly when he was not a partisan."

This is not precisely the serene pure spirit of the college cloister.

Yet it was some years before admirers of Mr. Fess in the House discovered that he had not brought such a spirit to Congress. Indeed, he was advanced as the Progressives' candidate for Speaker in 1919 in an effort to block the selection of the avowedly reactionary Frederick H. Gillett of Massachusetts. Although the Ohio member remained in the race for several months, he eventually disillusioned his sponsors with a public statement coutioning them to "proceed slowly and take heed to the signals of the times," seemingly seeking to disassociate himself from their impious insurgency. Finally, upon the solicitation of Hays, who was then national chairman, he withdrew from the contest with the explanation that he acted out of "a sense of duty to the party, which is paramount to every other consideration." So, he might have added, it was, always has been and always will be.

In appearance, Mr. Fess is a short, thin, inoffensive, inconspicuous, man. He has many likable and admirable traits. He walks with an humble and godly gait. Unblessed with wealth, he does not yearn or strive for it, and he is quite content with the academic and political honors which, to his constant wonderment, have been bestowed upon him. He is a rigid Methodist, which means that he does not drink, smoke or play. He is one of the few Senators who drink as they vote. Though he is completely lacking in a sense of humor, and this frequently leads him astray, he is pleasant, amiable and well liked—outside the Senate chamber. He dresses modestly, and except at functions which require formal regalia—which he wears with shy self-consciousness—he looks more like an absent-minded and impecunious pedagogue than the Republicans' new Warwick.

In many things he excels his colleagues. He is no patronage grabber like Reed of Pennsylvania, no prima donna like Bingham of Connecticut, no professional politician like Watson of Indiana. Others may derive fun from the great game of politics, but not he. His little body is ever bursting with sincerity, solemnity and sacred shibboleths. To him politics is neither a sport nor a trade; it is, rather, a state of exaltation.

A self-made man, he is satisfied with the job. Looking back on three-score-and-ten years of steady struggling upward, since first he hewed and ploughed and milked on the family farm in an Ohio wilderness, he may, perhaps, be forgiven his zeal for a faith which, as all his keynote addresses prove, has made himself and America pious and prosperous. It may be, for want of any other explanation this side of his life—this thin slice of the American scene—which commends and endears him to President Hoover.

The Cradle of Prohibition

(Continued from Page 50)

ried about the effect of Mr. Beedy's speech. It is all right for a politician to talk about prohibition as long as he talks dry. Then nobody fights back. Of course, a Democrat or two may try to make an argument out of it, but the Democrats fought themselves out in Maine on the prohibition issue long ago, and nobody worries about them any more.

The minute, however, a Republican talks wet, the W. C. T. U. and the Christian Civic League are on his back, and there is a fuss. And neither the party nor the voters want a fuss over prohibition. That is where Senator Gould made his mistake. His case illustrates the situation perfectly.

Senator Gould is a lumberman and railroad builder, a rough-hewn backwoodsman, cut after the old-time Yankee pattern. He himself has declared that everybody who knew him before he entered politics knew that he believed as he drank, which was wet. That was all right, so long as he took the advice of his political backers and kept still about it. On that basis he won the nomination over former Governor Percival P. Baxter, a militant dry. His

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election followed as a matter of course.

In the Senate, he continued to keep still—for a while. He voted against the Jones "five-and-ten" law, and nobody paid any particular attention. Then a grape juice company got entangled in a law suit, and the attorneys made public Senator Gould's famous letter to prove that the product was satisfactory.

"I have none of the data here with me," the Senator wrote, "but, as I remember it, you sent me some goods that refused to work. You gave me further instructions and after a good deal of bother, I got some very fair results. But in another way I had some bad luck. When I came here [to Washington] in December, I left the goods in what I thought a safe place. When I returned home Christmas time I found less than half of each package, the balance having been stolen. However, that was a pretty good recommendation for the goods, for if it hadn't had some virtue, it would never have been pilfered away. I took care of about three gallons in each keg which I still have on hand and it is improving every month."

After acknowledging receipt of a case of cordials, Senator Gould went on: "As you know, I came from a prohibition state, and I am supposed to be a prohibitionist, but I am about as loyal to the prohibition element as some of these southern Democrats are to their party. I note they are obliged to be Democrats to hold their jobs in Washington, but some of them often unite with the Republicans. While I am from a prohibition state, and find it is not policy to be too outspoken as to my sentiments, I don't mind telling the world that I believe a license for light wines and beer would be a great improvement over the present prohibition law that seems impossible to enforce."

Continuing his chatty epistle, the Senator confided that many other senators and representatives "feel just about as I do but lack the moral courage to stand up and vote as they believe."

The Senator's observation that it was "not policy" to be too outspoken was immediately shown to have been well founded. The W. C. T. U. and the Christian Civic League hastened to press the attack. But having spoken his mind, the old lumberjack Senator faced the storm with Yankee calm.

"Everybody who knows me knows that the sentiments relating to prohibition as expressed in that letter are my sentiments," he said. Then he went on to tell how the people of his section had always made elderberry wine and grape wine. "God Almighty put those flowers and vines on the earth," he remarked, "and He intended them to be used."

The Republican leaders maintained a politic silence, a few of the lesser ones only being voluble enough to speak ominously of the next election. A lone Democrat, chairman of the Portland city committee, expressed public approval of the Senator for "coming out flat-footed and not showing the least bit of hypocrisy."

The newspapers, however, reflected the popular reaction. The Portland *Press Herald* tried hard to be angry, but packed most of its wrath in the caption over its editorial: "Senator Gould's Betrayal of Maine." After that, the editorial went on rather calmly: "There are doubtless some people in Maine who will say that Senator Gould has given expression to their views on this subject. Some may think his frankness commendable. But others will think he might at least have refrained, while representing Maine in Congress, from writing testimonials to the manufacturers of a substance which is generally used to produce a fermented drink."

"Senator Gould's declaration," the editorial went on, "dooms him to terminate his services in the Senate at the expiration of his present term."

While Dr. Ernest Gruening's Portland *Evening News*, which speaks for the Maine liberals (who are not liberal on prohibition) was carefully flippant and non-committal in its editorial under the caption: "How Could You, Senator?" it remained for the Waterville *Sentinel* to be thoroughly candid.

"Senator Gould is still a business man rather than a politician," said the *Sentinel*. "As a builder of political fences, he can do much better with railroads."

From Rockland, Obadiah Gardner, the old Democratic war horse who himself had served in the Senate in the days when his party could still amount to something by taking the wet side, wrote with complaisant sarcasm to Senator Gould via the columns of the *Press Herald:* "You are not condemned now because of what you believe or because your actual practice in the past or the present has been in accord with your belief. Your unpardonable sin is that you had the audacity to express yourself."

So Senator Gould decided not to run again, and felt free to say a few more words about "this miserable prohibition farce." "Maine was the original prohibition state," he told an interviewer. "We have been trying it up there for seventy-five years, and conditions never were so bad as they are today. There never was so much graft and so much cussed hypocrisy. The country can be made temperate, but prohibition won't do it. Why, I had seven uncles up Bangor way, all temperate, but they took a drink when they wanted it. It's against the law now. Why, when I go up to see my oldest brother—he's eighty-two now —he always has a bottle of good liquor on the kitchen shelf. We sometimes have a drink together. That bottle probably lasts a year."

But Senator Gould knew that this was not the kind of talk Maine wanted. He withdrew, accordingly, and announced his support of Congressman Wallace H. White of Lewiston, a dry. White won in the primaries last June over former Governor Ralph O. Brewster, who talked more about his dryness than White did, and over Dugald B. Dewar of Portland, who didn't know anything about politics, and therefore ran as a wet.

Dewar ran a poor third. Appearing recently in court on a charge of driving while intoxicated, he received one of the stiffest sentences handed out to a first offender in years.

Maine doesn't like to talk about prohibition.

Progress in the Ozarks

(Continued from Page 62)

its kind in central United States. Many industries have already signified their intention of locating along its shore line.

In Arkansas, along the White and Buffalo rivers, White River Power company, said to be a subsidiary of the powerful Electric Bond & Share company, plans a series of eleven dams, making a chain of lakes along these streams for 200 miles and developing enormous horse power. These projects are all under management of the White River Power company and will cost, so it is reported, fifty million dollars. There have been the usual law suits in the Arkansas development; native land owners have held out against the inevitable, but have been whipped into line more or less by Arkansas politicians who have sponsored this development as being the progressive thing for the most backward portion of their state.

On the Current river in Missouri four projects have been surveyed, permits granted and costs totaling eight million agreed upon. On the Gasconade river in Phelps county, Missouri, a Chicago utility concern is now spending seven million dollars to dam the Gasconade river. Down in Wayne county another Chicago utility magnate is about to cut loose from five million dollars to build a project on Black river. All of these are far past preliminary stages and are now in the making.

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Down in the Big Springs section of the Ozarks, where three power projects are moving along toward actuality, is the second largest spring in America. It flows at the rate of five hundred million gallons of water daily and if the lost power from this surging gusher could be harnessed it would provide a gargantuan output of electric power. This sizeable spectacle surges from beneath a bluff 300 feet high and covered with mossy rocks. The water is a peacock blue and once the spring is born, it becomes a full grown river.

When the ten or more projects are completed—and that should be within the next five years—the Ozarks will be enriched by at least two hundred million dollars added wealth, two hundred thousand or more acres of its river bottom lands will be covered with water eighteen to one hundred ninety feet deep, there will be several thousand miles of shore line for vacation playgrounds, many new towns and industries will have been created.

But it is very doubtful if the old hill billy who has been throwing monkey wrenches into the machinery to bring about this change will be found in the newly established factory. No. He will go further back into the woods and build other log cabin settlements, go about looking for lost mines and buried treasure, run his hounds in the fall and spring, open a gin mill at the mouth of some cave and pull his trout line across the water at dusk. This has been his job for a century. It is most unlikely that he can be changed, even though a new era is about to dawn all about him.

An Englishman Looks at American Women

(Continued from Page 47)

to it than that; that marriage should be an adventure, not a settling down, but even so, that proprietary feeling of responsibilities persisted. The Englishman does not believe that his wife is responsible for herself, but that he is responsible for her. By law he is responsible for her debts and actions. The law, whatever feminists may allege to the contrary, is in England based on the assumption that woman is incapable of self-management and needs protection. And a man, though he may grumble, does not object. It gives him a pleasant feeling of importance and of security. The law is on the woman's side. He knows that his wife could not manage without him. He believes that the only thing that will get her away from him is some other man. Nothing is more unlikely than that a woman should say one fine morning: "I'm bored with this. We're going to separate." In England she is bound by her economic dependence. An English wife does not leave her husband except with another man until life in her home has been made absolutely intolerable for her. There would be nowhere for her to go, nothing for her to do. The entire fabric of her life would collapse.

In America, however, so it seems to me, a woman is as free to walk out of her marriage as in England a man is. She has her job. She works as often as not under her maiden name. The majority of people with whom she works, the people, that is to say, with whom she spends the greater part of her time, do not, if they know she is married, think of her as married. If her marriage collapses, she can continue the main structure of her life in the same way that a man does when his marriage collapses. It is for this reason, I think, that the Englishman is afraid of marrying an American. Or rather, that he has to be a little more in love with an American than with a European before he proposes—if such things as proposals still exist.

For however one may feel about the adventure of marriage one does ask for an element of security. The American, no doubt, feels that security. The situation has grown out of the conditions of American life. The American man must know the answer to that question: where does he come in? He knows it. But I do not; not yet. And I fancy that married to an American girl I should be constantly putting to myself that question so destructive of one's peace of mind: "Where do I come in?" I should see my wife spending eight hours of every day as Miss L—conducting a career which was completely independent of our relationship. I should see her life bound up with interests into which I did not enter. I should ask myself in dark moments of uncertainty what difference it would make to her if I were to go out of her life altogether. I should feel my sojourn in her life infinitely precarious. And knowing myself tolerably well, I fancy I should grow jealous and suspicious and even make some foredoomed attempt at a display of tyranny, which would not be any particular fun for any one. I fancy that being born to one way of life I should make an extremely uncozy business of a different one; that I should find myself as lost in that atmosphere of independence as an American woman would find herself married into the dependence of English life. I suppose it really amounts to this: that I should be nervous of marrying an American woman because I should be afraid of making a poorish husband.

Chivalry Aside

(Continued from Page 65)

"But," I hear you protest, "didn't Helen Wills beat Fritz Mercur, in a Forest Hills exhibition match some years ago?" The answer is yes, though it should be qualified by observing that Mercur is one of those old-school gentlemen who cheerfully give up their seats in a crowded subway car to a comely damsel.

Those who saw that "battle of the sexes" got the impression that Mercur was generous to a fault—in fact to a double fault. Such gallantry under the public gaze deserves a medal. As one of Mercur's friends remarked in the locker room: "Well, Fritz, I'm glad to know that the age of chivalry isn't dead." Mercur denied collusion. He isn't the sort who would kiss and tell.

A fashionable East Hampton gallery got a more accurate line on the relative ability of male and female tennis players the following year. It seems that Miss Wills's feminine opponent had defaulted. An enterprising tournament chairman asked the California girl if she would entertain the crowd by playing a man.

"Who is he?" inquired Miss Wills cautiously. She, too, is jealous of her tennis prestige. "Herbert Bowman," replied the master of ceremonies. Miss Wills agreed, adding—"I've never heard of him." This wasn't surprising, since Bowman, though a seasoned second-flighter, is not well known outside metropolitan tennis circles.

One of those innocent bystanders who make it their business to tattle-tale, told Bowman what Miss Wills had said. He wasn't exactly flattered. Taking the court in a somewhat grim mood he speedily demolished Miss Wills without the loss of a game, a result that graphically reflected the gulf between masculine and feminine tennis—when "courtesy" doesn't figure.

Only the other day, Jimmy Nuthall trounced his buxom sister Betty in straight sets at Forest Hills. Jimmy, a promising junior, is not rated among the first ten in England, yet he has no trouble defeating the girl who, by the grace of Miss Wills, won the American title. Miss Wills herself, supreme exponent of ladies' tennis, wouldn't have much chance against a man ranked in the twenties. Masculine volleying is alone sufficient to demoralize a woman's game.

In golf, the gap separating the top notchers is not quite so wide. Joyce Wethered, for example more nearly approximates the male tournament standard than does Helen Wills. Of Miss

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Wethered, one can truthfully say, "She plays good golf even for a man." The phrase tells the story of her unusual proficiency.

Miss Wills can hit as hard as most masculine topnotchers. Where she falls down in relation to their game is in courtcovering, tactical intuition, volleying, and finesse. Miss Wethered cannot keep pace with male sluggers off the tee, but her short game is masculine in its firm delicacy of touch.

Mark well that last sentence. It is a surprising paradox that women tournament golfers are weak where you'd expect them to be strong—in those subtle, finicky phases of golf which require a watch maker's light touch. Relatively speaking, they strike lusty blows off the tee, get good length with brassie or spoon, but in such soft shadings, such nuances of golf as pitching, chipping, and approach putting they are found wanting. The hand that rocks the cradle isn't able to baby a wee chip up to the pin!

Miss Wethered excels her sex at golf because she can wheedle the ball into doing her bidding as well as cuff its ears. Bobby Jones calls her "the straightest golfer in the world." He goes even further, saying that allowing for her disparity in strength, Miss Wethered is the "greatest of all golfers." "I played with her when she made a 75 from the back tees at St. Andrews last June" says Bobby. "She did not miss a single shot—she didn't even half miss one. She made me feel outclassed."

Strong praise from Caesar, yet Jones should know, for he had to win the last three holes to beat Miss Wethered, who played without benefit of bisques. It was in that match, a four-ball affair, that Joyce humbled her gifted brother Roger to the tune of four and two. He took an 80. Miss Wethered's 75 was nothing unusual for her. She was even fours for fifteen holes on the exacting Troon links when she defeated Glenna Collett in 1925. Two years ago, Miss Collett scored an amazing 34 on the first nine at St. Andrews, yet Miss Wethered wore her down in that thirty-six hole final.

EXPERIENCE has demonstrated that seven bisques equalizes the sexes on the links. I refer to competitors of the top flight. The average woman is poorer at golf than at tennis, but this ratio is reversed when topnotchers are concerned.

Each summer the Fairfield Country Club stages a team match between the sexes. The men conceded the ladies six bisques at first, but that handicap did not prove quite generous enough. Allowing seven bisques last year, a six man team finished all square with a feminine side. For those who cut their teeth on statistics here are the gross medal scores:

George Voigt	73	Maureen Orcutt	75
Max Marston	73	Virginia Wilson	78
Eddie Driggs	74	Helen Hicks	82
Paul Haviland	75	Edith Quier	83
Roland MacKenzie	76	Virginia Van Wie	85
Watts Gunns	77	Helen Payson	86

The players were not paired in that order. Miss Orcutt defeated Voigt, using only four of her seven bisques in the process. Miss Wilson trounced Marston three and two. Hers was a nervy gamble, for she took all seven of her bisques on the first ten holes. This left her three up, an advantage which she maintained to the end though the last six holes were played on a no-handicap basis.

The medal scores listed above testify that the men didn't pull their punches. It is tacitly understood that gallantry takes a holiday in these Fairfield intersex matches. The girls square their jaws and go after the so-called "lords of creation" with a vindictiveness that seems to say—"we'll show you whether woman's place is in the home!"

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With Our Readers

Mr. Haldeman-Julius Enters the Ring

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Girard, Kansas*

SIR—In your issue of August 27 Mr. Louis Adamic says that he has a letter from Upton Sinclair "in which he characterizes Haldeman-Julius's treatment of a certain writer as 'a shame.'" This, of course, is a difficult charge to answer, when he fails to mention the name of the "certain writer."

His next charge is a little more definite. He says he has a letter written by Frank Harris to his wife in which I am called unquotable names "for the treatment he has suffered at his hands as a writer." I am sure Mr. Harris has no complaint. I have had dealings with him, but not in the past eight years. Back in 1922 I paid Mr. Harris $500 for the right to reprint ten of his works in Little Blue Book form. Since then I have used only seven of the ten works to which I was entitled. But Mr. Harris, who is a very old man and who does not keep copies of his letters, has to write me now and then to call me a pirate and to be told that the Little Blue Books carrying his name are being published with his permission. Sometimes he even hires a lawyer to go through the same process. I try to be patient with him. It is fortunate that I keep copies of all letters and that we file all canceled checks.

But speaking of authors, I grant quite willingly that in Mr. Adamic's own case I paid him a rate lower than my regular authors. This was done because he was a beginning author whose copy gave me a great deal of trouble. His percentage of rejections was extremely large. But he did get across once in a while, when I'd have to give a half day to taking out the rotten spelling, punctuation and construction. This soured my temper and made me send the author a smaller check than usual. But he seems to have made some headway since then, and I am delighted, for I was his first publisher, and even though he refuses to flatter me with a little gratitude, I still have the professional satisfaction of seeing one of the boys I worked hard over go into the wide world and make good.

Mr. Adamic says he called his article "Voltaire from Kansas" because "the man himself considers himself a Voltaire." I can answer this silly thing only by asking the writer to name the article or editorial or what not in which I made that comparison. If he can find it I'll reward him with a million free copies of the Little Blue Books. I almost said a million dollars, but I caught myself in time, for it is possible that I may have said so foolish a thing—and I haven't a million dollars!

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS.

Defending Mr. Adamic

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—On page one of the American Freeman (a Haldeman-Julius weekly) for August 30 the following biographical data is printed:

"Jack Conroy, of Moberly, Mo., is a poet. He has written the following letter to the Outlook, which to this date has not been printed."

Following this is the letter which appeared on page 679 of the Outlook for August 27.

In this twice-told tale, or rather letter, the bard of Moberly, utilizing an attitude that is less humble than most poets adopt, criticizes Louis Adamic for accusing E. Haldeman-Julius of cheapness. The eristical versifier says, in effect, that Louis Adamic is an erstwhile bitter radical who, as the result of exploitation in the Haldeman-Julius publications, has become prosperous and reactionary. May I point out to the Moberly singer that Louis Adamic never was a bitter radical, or even a tame one. He is not particularly prosperous. He had sold articles both here and abroad before receiving his first handsome check from E. Haldeman-Julius. However his agent tells me that henceforth he will omit mentioning *Harper's*, the *Outlook* and the *American Mercury* in his sales talks to editors, and bring out that his client has published in the Haldeman-Julius organs of chatter-box atheism and tabloid Menckenism.

As for Joseph McCabe: it's a pity he wouldn't approve of E. Haldeman-Julius' rates of payment. The ex-monk is lucky indeed to get paid anything for his raids on the religious archives. Many a hack would be glad to grind out the stale stuff for a half-cent a word.

I suggest that the poet get the lowdown on the prairie Voltaire from somebody else. Louis Adamic is too damn' polite to do justice to the subject

E. G. DECALUWE.

Broun for Congress

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *St. Clairsville, Ohio*

SIR—Your recent article in the Outlook indorsing the candidacy of Heywood Broun quotes him as saying, "By now, voters ought to know that the only difference between a Republican and a Democrat is that one is in office and the other one wants to be."

To my mind, greater stress should be laid upon this very fact. Our Government is based on the party system, but the question we must ask ourselves today is whether these parties are keeping in step with the "best that is thought and said in the world." On the contrary, too many—in fact, an overwhelming majority—of our representatives in government know little or nothing of the application of contemporary knowledge to the sociological well-being of our world. They are too prone to adhere to the principles of "the dead hand reaching from the grave to strangle the living." Our present-day civilization is not a static one but an even more swiftly changing one than heretofore.

Our best minds often remind us of the chaos resulting from lack of intelligent application of scientific and economic principles to a purely scientific and economic world; however, our political minds of today too often fail to realize that new laws and new truths are essential to a new world of conditions.

Each party fails to readily comprehend this. The dominant and surviving party will have to foresee it soon, if man is to master the world he has created. It is therefore our duty to use our power as voters towards this end.

ALBERT KENNON, JR.

Stimulant or Narcotic?

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Mt. Vernon, N. Y.*

SIR—You have published two letters referring to my article on the Antisaccharites whose criticisms hinge on the same point—namely the definition of the word *stimulant*. It therefore seems desirable to correct an apparent misunderstanding.

The word *stimulant*, unfortunately, is rather loosely used, both technically and popularly, and seems to carry a variety of meanings. For example, according to one biological definition a stimulant is a substance which induces a change (any change) in living tissue. I did not use the word in this broad sense, neither did I restrict its meaning to include only substances which have an *exhilarating* effect. It seems to have been inferred that I used the word *stimulant* in a pharmacological sense in contradistinction to *Narcotic*. Such was not the case. As stated in the article I used the word *stimulants* to mean "substances which apparently are taken for their action on the nervous system."

Just what the action may be is another question. Each of these substances has innumerable physiological effects, and there is no more reason for classifying these effects as narcotic or stimulating than there would be for classifying them as analgesic, sedative, aphrodisiac, rubefacient, diaphoretic, diuretic, laxative, astringent or any other physiological effect that might be selected. Any such distinction is purely arbitrary and without rational significance.

Even if we attempt to classify as narcotic or stimulating we shall strike snags. It is, of course, perfectly easy to frame definitions having sharp distinctions in meanings, but it is by no means so easy to find substances which neatly fit the definitions. We might say that a stimulant is a substance which excites, and a narcotic one which depresses. But where is the substance which fits one and only definition? Take opium, for example, commonly regarded as the great narcotic. Careful study shows that opium is a narcotic only under certain conditions of dosage. In small doses is has the opposite effect and according to medical authority "is a stimulant to the nervous system and tends to prevent exhaustion" (Blair's *Materia Medica*, P. 170). Similarly, any one of the four common substances taken for their effect on the nervous system (tea, coffee, alcohol and tobacco) may have a stimulating or a narcotic action depending upon various conditions such as dosage, individual idiosyncrasies, the part of the anatomy under consideration, etc. It is a well known fact that although a cup of coffee at night may act as a stimulant and keep one awake, yet several cups may act as a narcotic and induce sleep. A substance may act as a stimulant to one set of nerves and as a narcotic to another. There is probably no stimulant (excitant) that may not act as a narcotic and no narcotic that may not act as a stimulant.

The fact is that alcohol, like tobacco, tea and coffee, is either stimulating or narcotic according to circumstances. But the distinction between a stimulating and a narcotic effect is, in the present connection, arbitrary and unimportant. The important point is that there actually exists a class of substances taken for their nervous effects—regardless of what the effects may be. Such a classification is not arbitrary but rational. The class exists as a well-defined unit. There they are—tea, coffee, alcohol and tobacco—in common everyday use. So far as I know there is no word meaning "substances taken for their effect on the nervous system." For the want of a better word I called them "stimulants"—which is the word employed by Dr. Grinnell and others for practically the same meaning. No doubt it would have been clearer if some other term had been devised, such as *nerve-reagents*. Suppose we call them *nerve-reagents*—since their purpose is to induce some nervous reaction.

It is a fact and not a theory that the use of these "nerve reagents" is universal—is a normal condition. Nerve-reagents, like foods, enter the chemical composition of the body. So far as I know, no one has ever shown any good reason to doubt that the best evidence as to the ultimate merit of a nerve-reagent is exactly the same as the best evidence for the merit of a food—namely, the evidence of nature. Those nerve-reagents are best—just as those foods are best—which have been used by "the largest numbers of people for the longest periods of time." In this respect alcohol heads the list. It is nature's testimony that alcohol is one of the best nerve-reagents man has. This it seems to me is the stone wall against which prohibitionists must sooner or later ram their political heads.

J. W. EMERSON.

Another Letr Frum Mr. Dooee

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Lake Placid, N. Y.*

SIR—My good frend, F. W. Kelsey, shows me his letr to yu of Aug 15. I agre entyrli with what he says & want yu to kno how the radikal chanj of Outlook atitude impreses the best of our members. They say 'I always red it & valued it hyli but no longer look at it. I am told that it was bot by the likor interests as a part of their propaganda & the internal evidence of the magazine of which I used to be so proud confirms this rumor.'

Ther may be no truth in this stori but yu may be interested to kno what meni of the best of yur old clientel think of the present magazine, which sold its birthryt for a mes of potaj & isn't getting & won't get the potaj.

MELVIL DEWEY.

Editor's Note—Mr. Dewey evidently missed the editorial, "Keeping the Record Straight," in the July 30th issue of the Outlook and Independent. The republication of Dr. Abbott's disapproval of prohibition should have sufficed to refute the charge that there has been a "radical change" of policy on the part of the Outlook and Independent in regard to prohibition. It should also have sufficed to refute the charge that we have been "bought by the liquor interests." The recurrence of these accusations argues not only an ignorance on the part of many prohibitionists of the actual policy of the Outlook, as edited by Dr. Abbott, but also a studied indifference to the facts.

Display of Temper

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Alexandria, Va.*

SIR—Last week it gave me a great deal of satisfaction (and, looking back, a great regret as well) to give my magazinist instructions not to renew my subscription to your malodorous journal.

A long time ago "befo de war" it was always an ordeal to come in contact with one of those slimy, oozy, dirty, smelly, outlaw hell-holes called "the corner saloon" and I have just the same feeling when I see and handle your magazine.

JONAS HITCHCOCK.

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With Our Readers

Correction

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington*

SIR—My attention has been called to a recent article appearing in the Outlook and Independent in which the writer, discussing the New Jersey Senatorial situation, stated, in substance, that "Joseph P. Tumulty, formerly Secretary to President Wilson, predicted that Dwight Morrow would carry the State of New Jersey by over four hundred thousand."

As a Democrat, interested always in the success of the Democratic Party in the State of New Jersey and elsewhere, I have never made it a practice to indulge in such rash predictions.

Will you please, therefore, do me the courtesy to publish this letter?

JOSEPH P. TUMULTY.

Why Mooney Stays in Jail

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Berkeley, Calif.*

SIR—Poor Bertha Woolley merely echoes what one hears on every side, part of a heavily subsidized propaganda. I have been fifty years in the law, twenty in a judicial capacity, so that such matters are not outside my purview. I fear that Miss Woolley is quite right when she says she believes "that the decision will not alter the status of these men." Any one who has had experience of how little evidence affects such a case would agree with her. But when she goes on to say that they "must continue to expiate *their* crime," she is prejudging the case, like the crowd who walk with her. There is no evidence whatever, and never has been, that it was *their* crime. I have followed the case from the moment when (according to Duncan Matheson's evidence) a man whose name is well to the front just now, went down with a sledge hammer and enlarged the hole in order to make the scene of the explosion more suitable for photographing as an aid to his purpose.

The explosion, in the eyes of all sensible persons, was the indirect outcome of President Wilson's instruction to General Pershing to "bring back Villa, dead or alive." This involved an invasion of a neighboring country without declaration of war. Only through General Pershing's good judgment and his demonstration of the consequences were we able to decently withdraw before more mischief accrued. He actually had to tell his superior that it could not be done. Now imagine a similar instruction to a neighboring general to invade California without a declaration of war. How long would it be before there would be explosions in the country whence the instruction emanated?

CHARLES ANDERSON.

Golf Widows

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Rochester, N. Y.*

SIR—On reading Glenna Collett's article in your magazine it seems to me, being but a casual observer, that it is only a thin excuse for poking a little golfish fun, to put it mildly, at those poor unfortunates whose only desires are to get fresh air and exercise and whose stance owing to structure, age, and various reasons is not the thing of beauty it should be in Miss Collett's eyes. Real golf widows are those who do not play at all, so would not come under this head.

Does it seem possible that women "whose horse-back riding and tennis are fine" as Miss Collett remarks would be "objects of derision" on the golf course and would it not be a little kinder for one who has gone so far in the field of sport and for that reason should be more charitable, to give more credit to the enthusiasm of those women and not so much to their personal appearance. If the golf courses were set aside for only those whose stance is perfect I fear there would be a very thin attendance of both sexes.

EVELYN LE BARON.

Master Thinking

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *San Francisco*

SIR—The article entitled "Master Thinker" is very interesting and amusing. In fact, it is a little masterpiece of humor and satire. We in this country like to pride ourselves on our native wits and intelligence, stimulated by an elaborate program of education, academic erudition and daily press enlightenment. Yet, where on this planet, can one find a more stupid lot of human sheep than right here in Uncle Sam's dominion. Six million people allow their minds to be fed and actually hypnotized by such flat and insipid stuff as this Master Thinker dishes up to them, year in year out—and pay for it. Yes, make him and his boss immensely rich. It seems every epoch of human history has to tolerate a certain amount of nonsense and pay for it. Had Hearst and Brisbane a monopoly on Master Thinking I would pass up the whole affair. But there is a whole horde of Master Thinkers among us in every domain of human enterprise: in religion, education, politics, finance, commerce, etc. No wonder we have hard times. They are due us. We invited them through our Master Thinkers. In times gone by, the little Greek nation was by far wiser than this colossus of ours. They sighted at least the origin of all humbug, when one of them sang: "Against the follies of men the gods have fought in vain."

C. BACKER.

Waterproofing the American Mind

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Northampton, Mass.*

SIR—In this day and age when people of every sort are trying to impose their ideas on their neighbors, and dictating how and what we shall all think, it is well to recall periodically the ideal of Americanism phrased by the sturdily patriotic Bostonian physician who was born ten years after the death of Washington, whose son is perhaps the chief glory of our Supreme Court as I write, who, just before the Civil War protested:

"To think of trying to waterproof the American mind against the questions that Heaven rains down upon it shows a misapprehension of our new conditions. If to question everything be unlawful and dangerous, we had better undeclare our independence at once; for what the Declaration means is the right to question everything, even the truth of its own fundamental proposition.

"The old-world order of things is an arrangement of locks and canals, where everything depends on keeping the gates shut, and so holding the upper waters at their level; but the system under which the young republican American is born trusts the whole unimpeded tide of life to the great elemental influences, as the vast rivers of the continent settle their own level in obedience to the laws that govern the planet and the spheres that surround it."

Thus the Bostonian autocrat, professor and poet, to his Breakfast-Table in 1859. Is he not also talking to us? Have we, seventy years later, gone back to the "locks and canals" of "the old-world order?" or are we content to submit to the "laws that govern the planet and the spheres that surround it"—laws not passed by any earthly legislature; laws which enforce themselves; laws about which there is no discussion; laws which embody freedom, as not all Congressional enactments do? Let the rabid zealots whom Mr. Auerbach's proposal would silence were it to be enacted, ponder well these paragraphs and wonder if they have been helping the kind of Americanism described by Doctor Holmes.

ROBERT WITHINGTON.

Criticizing the Auerbach Plan

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Orange, Conn.*

SIR—I have looked over the article printed in your issue of September 3rd entitled "One Way Out." It seems to me not worth laughing at. I have read that Dwight Morrow is a very absent-minded man. I think Mr. Auerbach must be one also; and that both must have been out of their minds when they proposed states' rights as a remedy for the drink evil. Mr. Auerbach suggests that no one has proposed a real substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment. Of course they haven't, for there is none. Let me illustrate. For seventeen years I had in my employ a man addicted to periodic sprees of drinking. There were no saloons in our town, but he had only to step over to the next town to get as drunk as he chose. Every time he returned he swore off, only to soon go on another spree. His course was inevitable. Things followed in their order. He ran on into delirium tremens, then insanity, then death.

Does Mr. Auerbach realize what the situation would be with wet and dry states mixed together? He suggests that if certain provisions were written into our federal statute books the dry states would be amply protected. Does he suppose these provisions would be worth the paper they were written on as against the man who was determined to drink or the man who was determined to furnish him with the drink? Would he place impassable barriers around every dry state, with a powerful guard at every passway? Would he examine every railway car, truck, every vehicle of every kind, every package that went into the dry state?

If Mr. Auerbach wants a situation several times as bad as that we now have under prohibition let him bring on the remedy he proposes.

EDWARD L. CLARK.

Canadian Solution

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Langdon, Alberta*

SIR—Your many correspondents writing on prohibition and the liquor problem, constrain me to offer the Alberta remedy for this vexed and intriguing question. We make liquor help pay our taxes.

In this new country, settled profusely by Americans, we once tried the futile expedient of prohibition as a solution of our drink problem. It was "put over" largely by preachers, church appropriations and the newly enfranchised women voters. From the very first day it was a farce and a costly and crime-breeding experiment. Speakeasies, bootleggers, whisky peddlers, secret rendezvous of drinkers, were born overnight and swarmed in our alleys, hotel rooms, highways and country villages.

Police forces were doubled to cope with it. Sincere officials were bewildered with its secret, evil ramifications. Criminal men leaped into prominence and wealth overnight, with their new power and damnable influence. Finally, after a very short time, the sober, sensible, temperate and decent element in the province, got together and wiped "prohibition" out of existence, in spite of the howling of the preachers and the puerile tommyrot of the few women propagandists.

We took over the control of liquor and made it a part of the provincial business. We appointed a highly efficient former bank manager as our Provincial Liquor Commissioner and gave him *carte blanche* powers, with good laws and a good police force to back him.

Liquor was to be, and is today, dispensed by government vendors in a few of the larger towns, as well as the cities. The liquor sold is pure (if the word may be applied to such rot), the price is moderate and no drinking is allowed on the premises, in public places or anywhere to be a nuisance. If a man wants a bottle he takes it home and makes a hog of himself where but few can see him. It has reduced drunkenness, taken whisky out of politics and business and this past year returned a profit of about two million dollars to our provincial treasury, for the reduction of taxation, the building of roads and highways and other public purposes, in a province having 660,000 population.

It has almost entirely wiped out bootlegging, except in a few petty, cheap, inconsequential instances. There are no rich, blatant bootleggers defying our laws and defiling our business streets. It seems the only sensible way in which to handle this question which has always in the past and will perhaps always in the future, beset human civilization.

BERTRAM W. HUFFMAN.

Nagging the President

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Sonora, Calif.*

SIR—I wonder if President Hoover or any member of his Cabinet could do anything to please the Outlook. I am sure many of us are becoming very weary of the eternal nag-nag-nag. Every one dislikes a nagging woman, but to my mind a nagging man is the lowest creature on God's footstool.

The Outlook used to be such a *gentleman.*

CORNELIA A. TIBBITS.

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THE AUTHOR

Charles Merz, a member of the staff of the *New York World*, is not only a frequent contributor to national publications, but is also widely known as the author of "The Great American Bandwagon" and "And Then Came Ford." For ten years he has been patiently gathering the great mass of material on which his new work is based. The time has come for him to speak.

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